

Shukong An



THE
JAPANESE
AND
PEACE



Think of an empty, lonely backstreet, or even a deserted alley, lingering in the last yowls and clangs of day. Like a silken curtain, singing a few nice songs to scarred yelping dogs and upturned garbage cans, the night tiptoes in, laughing now, crying now, a woman maddened by her own tearful ecstasy.

Think of morning and sunshine making you toss and whirl into rising from your dirty bed. Look down on your alley world and see cats licking other cats, fathers whipping sons and hogs' heads sticking out pompously from trash heaps. The day puffs, chugs along like an officious express train, on a railroad leading back to where it was born, back to nowhere.

"The times, they are a-changing."

Sure. Just look around and read the papers. Student power. Even the flower, that roadside pansy you toyed with a long time ago, has awakened and found itself, in one of the 6,583 or so definitions of reality, with power. Ah, youth! Youth is power. In these power-hungry years, knowledge loses to the onslaught of youth's avowed progressiveness, to its amebic seepage into the muck and chrome of the social sixties (yes, that's it!), and the old bespectacled demigods of influential diplomacy all goes out with it. So youth proclaims.

Instead, youth of the sixties has found new heroes to slither down its walls and creep across its halls of fame. Psychedelic faces, without proportion, but, they say, with meaning. Hear them crying songs to a battered guitar and hit the front pages the next morning. See how the foul odor of age drips down Old Georgie's bust, down to his petticoat and frilly French lace, which now do much to preserve the glory of his everlasting memory, amen. Bob Dylan, we love you. You too, Janis Joplin.

"Let's change the world, okay?" "Naah, not now. I don't feel like it. Tomorrow, maybe."

They came and went, Shapers of the World, dying mutely in their World War II foxholes, singing hoary songs of victory. When they died, the world paid tribute and and fasted forty days, erected monuments in their name and wrote books for their immortal repose.

Then God created change.

God created youth.

Youth of the sixties, iconoclastic, funnily irreverent youth, pray say where you are going? To the seventies, the sexy seventies, that time when we shall have all been married and apply what we learned on the world's most secret testing grounds. The bed! (Get that puritanical mock horror out of your face.) Youth is a voyeur deprived of a peephole to see. So does he do what he thinks he saw done, but only in his mind.

Welcome, dear seventies. We all grow old by your coming, but to grow old is change. Transition is youth. With that we lay open ourselves to you.

Rodel E. Rodis
Jose Dalisay, Jr.

BAMBOO TELEGRAPH

VOL. 24 NO. 10

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL

MAKATI, RIZAL

New Library to Open Jan. 26

Don't ever call it the Library; it is now the Media Center. The reason for this change in name attributed to the complete change from our old and very limited library to this new phenomena, which has for so long caused shambles in the parking lot. However, after months of hard work, the library is now almost ready for its inauguration which will be held on January 26.

The new Media Center consists of a beautifully furnished two story building. On the bottom floor are most of the books including card catalogs and the reference books. On the far right side is an addition to our new study center, a room for listening to tape recordings. This new soundproof room should prove very useful as it will contain various valuable tapes on numerous subjects. Also on the first floor are two furnished and soundproof rooms for classes in order to discuss various subjects. However, being a library the main floor will be cluttered with bookshelves and carrels. These carrels are cubically arranged for the students to study without disturbance. And on to the subject of disturbances, the new Media Center has that old problem worked out. Three nicely situated lounges with carpets, provide the students with a place to relax without distracting others.

On the top floor, four rooms are made especially for parent-teacher conferences. The rest of the space contains bookshelves and carrels. Like the bottom floor, the top floor is also nicely furnished and has the comfort of central air-conditioning and carpeted lounges.

And what of the old library? Part of it will be converted into classrooms and the other half will be a new and better audio-visual room.

Seniors Rally to Win Can Contest



Dr. Blaine Stresses "Responsibility" In Talk

After a luxuriously long vacation, the second semester officially got off to a start with a speech from Dr. Blaine at a first period assembly. ASSBA president Frank Raab first made a few announcements regarding the day's activities and then introduced the principal.

Dr. Blaine

The speech began on a pleasant note as Dr. Blaine reviewed the school's accomplishments during the past semester and said that he is now even more impressed with our student body than when he first arrived. He then moved on from what had achieved to what still needs to be done. The key words in this discussion were "pride" and "responsibility". Constant criticism of the school system by certain especially vocal groups of students has revealed a general desire for improvements but, as Dr. Blaine pointed out, the graffiti and general defacement of school property shows that the students have too little pride in the present commendable, though admittedly improvable, school situation. He es-

pecially condemned the deplorable conditions in the canteen, which he said he has been ashamed to show guests through.

Charges

Continuing on the theme of responsibility, Dr. Blaine announced the changes in the dress code, copies of which were handed out in the assembly. The new code was formulated by a group of students themselves, rather than by the administration or faculty, and places more emphasis on the students' personal discretion than on the regulations of the S.R.B. The major changes are as follows: boys may now wear sandals and any style of shirt other than an ordinary T-shirt; girls are allowed culottes and the length of their skirts will not be regulated by the S.R.B. tape measure, although they should not be unreasonable. With the privileges comes the responsibility of good judgement. Dr. Blaine also announced that the Juniors will have extra canteen privileges and that the new, experimental bell system will be continued.

The annual Charity Committee can drive was held from December first through the twelfth. During the first two weeks of the contest the seventh grade was leading far ahead, but this only spurred up the mighty class of '70's spirits. The class got together and brought in three hundred pointsworth of vienna sausages among other things at the late hour of 2:50 in the afternoon of the last day. (Only ten minutes before the set deadline.) However all in all the entire Senior and Junior High turned out to be very charitable this year and the Charity Committee said that this year has yielded more cans than any other previous one.

The Seniors, although the smallest class, not brought in the most cans but also the most per person, numbering up to sixty three points per person. The Seventh grade, with the help of their advisor Mrs. Pratico, won second place with thirty seven points per student. The class of '72's greatest asset turned out to be in the form of a student named John Whitaker who spent his last centavo buying cans for his class.

As a result of its victory, the class of '70 will receive a ₱50 prize from the Charity Committee.

Another contest won by the Class of '70, was one sponsored by the Student Council in an attempt to raise the Christmas spirits. The contest consisted of decorating doors to comply with the holiday feelings. Each class was in charge of decorating four assigned doors and a prize of ₱50 would be given to the winning class.

The judges consisted of Raab A.S.S.B.A. secretary, Mark Petty Sophomore Class President, and Pat Webb Freshman Class President.

Soundsation - A Sensation!!

by CHARLES BOUCHER

The seniors once again proved their mettle last December 5, when they very skillfully presented the first of what they hope to be two major Senior spectacles. The presentation in question was Soundsation, a conglomeration of various musical numbers that succeeded in holding the audience spellbound. The show began a few minutes past seven. Phil Jonckheer, without delay, introduced the first act of the evening, **Eric Dimson**, of La Salle, professional organist, performed a series of 8 numbers on his Yamaha organ. The numbers swayed from jazz to rock to Latin and the audience was constantly amazed at the diverse range of sounds that one organ could produce.

STAGE GIMMICKS

At separate times in Mr. **Eric Dimson's** performance, the stage backdrop acted as a screen to two very amusing and beautiful films. The first concerned what seemed to be the adventures of a ball and a line that exploded with color, burned, cracked, divided, collided, etc.; all, amazingly, in the same rhythm as the music being played. The other film depicted a fantastic array of dots that moved around the screen, not unlike a kaleidoscope. When these films were not being shown, the organist was accompanied on stage by two sets of dancers. Erica Fischer and Christie Dunn did two jazz numbers: the first in flowing lingerie type cloaks and the second in special

hats and gloves that were the only things visible when the black light was switched on. The organist ended his number amidst much applause.

Following him were our very talents, the Overtones, composed of Rosanne Yu (guitar), Sandra Bello, Sue Malahay, Allison Brooks, and Jane Wadsworth (flute). The group performed four numbers that showed considerable planning and practice. Their instruments were played with great skill and the voices came out clear and strong. They were ably backed up by Ken Uy on the drums and Jose Reyes II on the bass. Their last number was also the last of the first part of the show and the audience filed out as a fifteen minute intermission was called.

FEROCIOUS

After the intermission, the "Ferocious Frog" re-opened the show. With Ken Uy on the drums, Jose Reyes II on the bass, Bob Razon on the guitar, and Kurt Samson (a junior) on vocals, the Frog led off with that old Cream standard, "I'm So Glad." This was followed by "Tequila," a jazz number featuring Bob Razon on the guitar. After two impromptu numbers, "G. Thing" and "I'm a MAN," the Frog closed with "Crossroads." The Frog were probably the most applauded act of the evening, drawing tremendous applause with Bob Razon's fantastic playing and Ken Uy's drum solos.

In spite of insistent demand, however, they did not give an encore.

GO-GO

The other two dancers, Pam Ragan and Kris Jackson, did some very passionate, graceful, albeit go-go dancing to the Frog's more frenetic stuff.

NANCY

Immediately following the Frog's numbers came Nancy Noone, a mighty senior. Her simple, country type music was a contrast to the Frog's music. She built up her number in such a way that her fifth and final song, **Where Is Love**, garnered her a very warm applause.

FINALE

Closing the show was a surprise act, The Establishment. Though the audience seemed amused with them at first, they proved their worth with several fine numbers and proved to be a fine finale number. The crowd seemed well pleased with the show and the seniors deserve congratulations.

WYF Delegate Visits American School

Last December 10, the American School was honored by the presence of a distinguished guest. She came in the form of a lovely and lively young girl, Miss Sarah Hernandez. Sarah came to spend the day at the American School so that she could observe and become better acquainted with the American system of education. The reason for this is because this smart young lady was recently chosen to represent the Philippines in the annual World Youth Forum which is held in the United States.

Sarah is seventeen years old and is a student at Saint Scholastica's High School in Marikina. Besides being a brilliant senior at her school, she is also very active in extra-curricular activities. She is editor-in-chief of both the yearbook and the school newspaper among other things.

The world youth Forum which is held every year, promotes friendships and peace among nations. In this convention adolescents from all over the world study, discuss, work and live

Kawayan Garners Third Class Rating

The American School's 1969 yearbook, the **Kawayan**, has received a Third Class Honor Rating in the 49th All American yearbook Critical Service conducted by the National Scholastic Press Association at the University of Minnesota. The following ratings are possible: All American, First Class, Second Class, Third Class, Fourth Class, No Rating.

Yearbooks from more than 1,400 high schools across the U.S. are judged on the basis of content, photography, layout and design and are evaluated in comparison with other books from schools with similar enrollment.

According to the detailed criticism which was received, the 1969 Kawayan was rated very high in the pictures throughout the book — with "especially fine" sports candid. Special note was made of the high percentage of student staff participation in production of the book.

The major weakness noted was the lack of an academic section which should highlight courses offered with pictures of student participation in these academics and accompanying factual copy. Another weakness, as it compares with other yearbooks in the U.S., was over-emphasis of the senior section.

It is to be noted that the 1969 Kawayan was the first yearbook sent for criticism to the NSPA. The 1969 criticism did not arrive in time for the 1970 staff under the editorship of Dee Olive to incorporate all of the suggestions given since the 1970 yearbook is almost ready for the press.

The NSPA judge rating the Kawayan wrote, in part "...I admire your attempts to produce a fine yearbook with...only the very basic staff aids."

The editor of the 1969 book receiving this journalistic recognition was Therese Perrine, class of 1969. Mrs. Williams was advisor for the yearbook.



A gathering of the Mighty Seniors

together for three months. At the end of these months hopefully these future citizens will have become better acquainted with other cultures all over the world and more tolerant of theirs.

Upon leaving the American School Sarah commented that she enjoyed her day at our school very much and is looking forward to her three month stay in the United States.

Psi Fetes Beethoven

On Wednesday, November 26, high school students came to the Shaw gym to celebrate the end of exams and release the tension at the Beethoven's Birthday Dance. Guests from Sangley and Clark filled out the attendance which, though satisfactory was less than expected. Sponsored by the Psi Service Club, the dance was intended to raise funds for an orphanage charity. Tickets cost seven pesos, which was reduced to four if you brought a toy for the charity.

The theme of the dance was straight from the "Peanuts" comic strip: a children's birthday for Beethoven's birthday, given by Schroeder. The guests, casually dressed, danced from eight to twelve p.m. to the music of The End, under the eyes of a huge poster of Beethoven and pictures of all Charles Schultz' comic strip characters, with Lucy's psychiatric booth in the corner and in the center decorated as if for a birthday party-complete with a giant-size birthday cake. Music was by "The End", but Schroeder (Shukong Ou) was also there, gamely plinking out "Happy Birthday" on a miniature baby grand. Part of the admission price was a toy. These toys are being distributed to various orphanages for Christmas. Plans for next semester's activities are now being formulated. Psi is busy organizing a booth for the annual carnival. These are six vacancies in the club and membership for the second semester is open to all Senior High School girls — girls with a purpose and enthusiasm.

corner. About half way through the evening, Schroeder, alias Shukong Ou in a characteristic striped T-shirt and shorts played "Happy Birthday" on a minia-

ture toy piano, perched on top of a gigantic cake made of tables. Drinks were sold and free food was served as well. Altogether it was a successful evening and a tribute to the Psi Club as well as to the maestro.

Zara Houshman

A.S. BSC Hosts Blind Students

On Friday, December 12, thirty five blind students from The School for the Deaf and the Blind came to the AS for a Christmas party hosted by the Blind School Committee. Arriving shortly after 3:30 pm, the blind students quickly set up their combo about which they had been boasting for months. As the four young men played, other students danced among themselves and with some AS girls.

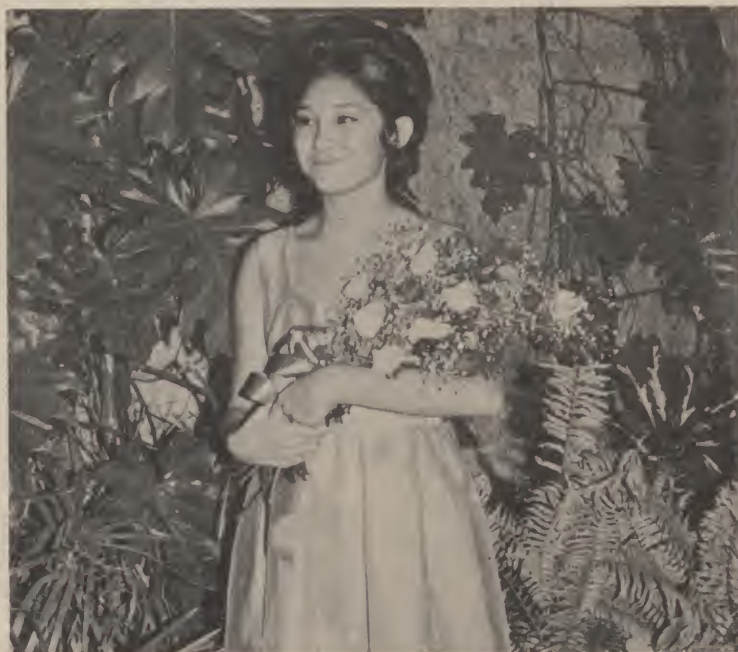
After singing some favorite Christmas carols, the blind students were given bags of cookies, candy, cupcakes, and drinks. The singing continued, attracting curious visitors and students passing through the halls. At the end of the hour, each blind student received a Christmas card written in Braille, which Co-chairman, Floraida Reyes and Janet Green had made.

Other members of the Blind School Committee are Elizabeth Reyes, Eric Abad, Kathy Purcell, Janice Wakefield, Jeanne Jacob, Maria Gervacio, Susan Green, Debbie Velasco, Carol Euyang, Theresa Alberto, Wen Hsieh, Josefina Balthazar, Karen Herberlin, Barbara Williams, and adviser Mrs. Gabriel.

— Barbara Williams

Christmas Formal

Fichtel Elected School Queen



MISS AMERICAN SCHOOL

Christmas in Toyland. Candy canes and ice cream at the Round Table Restaurant filled with A.S. students in formal attire. From 7:30 to 12:00 students crowded to the dance floor, inspired by the music of the Bits and Pieces. The high-

light of the evening was (as always) the announcement of Miss American School and her court: Patty Fichtel and Senior — Carole Cole, Junior — Gail Hultberg, Sophomore — Marianne Claassen, and Freshman — Terry Turvaville.

A Capella Choir Offers 3 Concerts

Christmas — a time for laughter and cheer.... and singing. The music department made a great effort to bring the Christmas spirit to the school. After months of daily practicing, three concerts were presented.

The first performance was that of the A'Capella Choir sang at the Union Church Women's Christmas Bazaar. This was followed by the traditional Christmas Concert, held at the San Miguel Auditorium on Wednesday, December 17th. The performance began in darkness with the candle-lit choir entering while singing Adeste Fidelis. This was followed by the "Song of Christmas." The band, dressed in its new uniforms, played two Christmas songs: "Sleigh

The Girls' Chorus and Treble Ride" and "Cantique de Noel." Clef Club sang various Christmas selections followed by a short intermission. The second half of the program was featuring the A'Capella Choir and a number by the "Overtones." The choirs joined together to sing the finale, "Do You Hear What I hear?" after which A'Capella president Ann Russell presented, on behalf of the choirs and band, tokens of appreciation to Mrs. Regala, choir directress, Mrs. Turvaville, accompanist, and Mr. Briones, band director. On Friday, December 19, the music department repeated parts of the concert for the student body before the Christmas vacation. The choirs' appreciation goes to all who helped in any manner.

BAMBOO TELEGRAPH

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A. S. Takes Steps to Accredit School

The American School has initiated the first steps in the process of seeking accreditation. A representative of the Western Association of Schools and Colleges has already briefed Dr. Blaine and given him the preliminary materials. The school must compile a detailed report and submit it to the accrediting body in February. This report is in three parts, and is prepared by the administration, faculty and student body.

The first step in the preparation of the student body's report, taken in early November, was the formation of the student evaluating committee. This committee is composed of the four class presidents, the Student Council president and twenty students. These students were carefully chosen so as to present a true cross-section of the A.S. student body. There are students on this committee who are active in varied activities; clubs, athletics, music, drama, student government, and also students who are not extra-curricularly oriented. The different ethnic groups and major national groups that form the student body are also represented. This committee was chosen by Dr. Blaine upon recommendations made by the class presidents. The class presidents submitted names of candidates and from a total of sixty, Dr. Blaine called the twenty who are on the committee. Early in December, this com-

mittee distributed questionnaires to half of the student body, and is presently tabulating the results. These results will form an integral part of their report.

The compiled report of the administration, faculty and student body will be presented to the Western Association of Schools and Colleges in February. The team of evaluators will review this report before arriving in Manila in early March. They will then conduct their own survey and submit their appraisal and evaluation of the school. The final decision of the accrediting body will be announced before the close of school. — Pier Meager

Quo Vadis, Chess Club?

Although the chess Club dues have been doubled this year, the usual activities were not held. No tournament was held this semester, nor were there round robins and organized competitions between members. Some members of the club have expressed their discontent and are wondering where their first semester dues went. Some are recommending and even demanding a change of officers for the second semester; they believe that the present set of officers are not capable of handling the affairs of the club.

New Scholia Members Take Oath of Office

Forty new members of Scholia were inducted two days ago (December 17, 1969) in a simple induction ceremony held in the AV Room. Attended by parents and teachers, the induction started at 3:00 p.m. and lasted for an hour or so.

The new Scholia members took their oath of office and pledged to adhere closely to the principles which Scholia stands for, namely Truth, Fairness, and Self-discipline. Miss Belinda Villacorta, Scholia Adviser, presided over the induction and swore in the new members. High School Principal Dr. Blaine then gave a short inspirational speech.

Marching elegantly in their newly acquired robes, the novices paraded into the AV Room, past the admiring audience into the front of the room where

the rites were held.

Inducted as Scholia members were Laura Tomassi, Moises Mina, Jr. (these two were considered members since last year but had not yet been inducted), Anita Byrnes, Mary Carlon, Steve Crilly, Charles Faircloth, Jeanne Jacob, Mario Magno, Mary McClung, Dee Olive, Allan Proulx, Melissa, Melissa Reyes, Dave Rosinus, Debbie Velasco, Rosanne Yu, Susan Malahay, Sandra Bello, Joey Balthazar, Vivian Chou, John Forbes, Kris Jackson, Henry Parkman, Kathy Purcell, Evelyn Watchtel, Erika Fisher, Karen Brandt, Cesca de Luzuriaga, George Drysdale, Carol Euyang, Kathy Guth, Michael Koone, Sharon Meager, Vilma Molde, Tim Murphy, Rosmen Paguio, Lourdes Sayoc, Chris Sega, Hanna Toeg, Mary Purcell, and Amy Wadsworth.

busy month

Guidance Office Besieged with Work

As December progresses, the bustle of activity in the Guidance Office is reaching a climax. At the start of the month which coincided with the beginning of the new semester, the staff was primarily concerned with the multitude of students seeking schedule changes. The SAT's and ACT's followed hard upon this. Throughout the month the deluge of college applications flooding into the Guidance Office swells as college deadlines draw near. The seniors have been handing in between two and fifteen applications a piece as they seek admission to the college or colleges of their choice. These applications exact painstaking and time-consuming work as each needs careful

analysis and a valued evaluation of the individual student. As there are 98 members of the class of '70, the volume of applications is large. Actually Mr. Wright feels four applications are sufficient; one to a "safty" or a college where acceptance is assured, two to colleges where acceptance is likely, and one to a college where acceptance is highly desired but likewise unlikely. However, Mr. Wright realizes the many factors that cause students to apply to numerous colleges. Many seniors are still unsure of where they wish to go, and thus they want to have as wide a choice as possible when they receive notification of acceptance or rejection.

FORUM CLUB HOLDS CONTROVERSIAL DEBATE ON "U.S. IMPERIALISM"

The Forum Club wound up its long list of activities for 1969 with a debate between Mr. Gunther Rosinus, the Cultural Affairs Attache of the U.S. Embassy, and Mr. Rodel Rodis, the Forum Club president. Held in the AV Room last Dec. 11, the debate lasted for more than two hours — twice as long as planned.

"U.S. imperialism", in general and in relation to the Philippines, was the main topic of the debate, although many other points were discussed.

Rodel Rodis, the first speaker, pointed out that history shows that the U.S. had been politically and economically imperialistic in its actions and tendencies. According to him, imperialism is the "highest and final stage of capitalism", one which is characterized by powerful and complete monopolies, empires run by (Wall Street) oligarchs, surplus of goods and capital and international cartels which share the world among themselves. He then pointed out that a great majority of Americans have nothing to do with their country's imperialistic policies. The imperialists are the select group of wealthy tycoons (from Wall Street) who govern the industrial world. Mr. Rodis further stated that these few Americans are the worst enemies of the American people. He then traced the history of U.S. industrial growth which perfectly coincided with the growth of imperialism.

Mr. Gunther Rosinus answered some of Mr. Rodis' charges and scored some points during his turn to speak. He pointed out that Mr. Rodis's definition of imperialism is "Marxist-Leninist" in nature and it has been proven "historically inaccurate." Citing the Marshall plan as an example, Mr. Rosinus explained that the U.S. had given billions of dollars to the devastated countries of Europe, which resulted in the economic salvation of these countries; in fact, they can now compete with the U.S. Without the Marshall Plan, these would be so weak financially that the U.S. would have had complete control over the economic world. He also pointed out that America's Aid program cannot be considered im-



IMPERIALIST?

Rodel E. Rodis stresses a point during the latter part of the debate dealing with U.S. economic imperialism. Listening intently to his left is Mr. Gunther Rosinus of the American Embassy. Dave Rosinus, moderator, and Mrs. Bleakly, one of the panelists, seat in the center.

perialistic since it helps the under developed countries to come to the technical and industrial standards of the United States and other progressive Western countries.

A panel discussion followed the first part of the debate. The panel, consisting of mentors: Mrs. Roberta Williams and Mrs. Bleakly, student Taylor Slate, and Gary Olivar of U.P., questioned the debaters on points which they thought were inadequately explained but merited some form of explanation.

Rodel Rodis, the first speaker for the second part of the debate, enumerated the various results of American colonization and imperialism. For example, thousands of families in Samar and Masbate were massacred mercilessly by the American soldiers during the Philippine-American War. After the Second World War, the Americans forced the Philippine Government to accept the Bell Trade Act in exchange for money which rightfully belonged to the Filipinos. Also, at present the Americans are reaping great amounts of profits from their businesses here, while the Filipinos hardly got a share of the wealth which came from their own land and their own sweat and toil.

When his turn to speak came, Mr. Rosinus stated that only twenty percent of the profits were actually going back to the mother country, the remaining eighty percent were being reinvested in the country. He explained that the presence of American companies in the country were beneficial to the country since it provided thousands of job opportunities for all kinds of workers. In fact, he continued on to reveal that about twenty percent of the country's revenue came from taxes paid by the American companies here. Regarding the past mistakes that Americans had committed, Mr. Rosinus did not deny them but pointed out that everybody makes mistakes and America has learned from her errors and would not commit them in the future.

A second panel discussion followed the second part of the debate. This was followed by an open forum wherein the audience had the opportunity to ask questions of the debaters.

For lack of time the third part of the debate which was to deal on the effects of nationalism was cancelled.

Impartial moderator Dave Rosinus formally ended the debate at 4:30 pm. **MOM**

Senior Class Cops Yule Decor Contest

Getting in the Christmas spirit, Student Council voted in favor of having a contest to determine which class had the nicest decorations. The rules of this contest were simply that decorations put up by the students had to be placed on the said doors by a certain date. Each grade was given four doors to decorate, and eager students rushed to meet their deadline.

On December seventeen four judges, Frank Raab, Jennifer Mead, Pat Webb, and Mark Petty judged each door and came up with their final decision. The mighty Senior class was victorious once more. Senior Girls worked very hard preparing Stained glass windows to brighten the doors.

The prize to be given has not yet been decided on. However, Student Council will probably give the winning class a sum of money.

S.S. VISITS B.T.

Headed by editor-in-chief Jose Dalisay, Jr., the staff members of the official organ of the Philippine Science High School met and conferred with staffers of the BT.

The two newspaper groups discussed and compared the various policies of their respective organs, exchanging trade secrets in the process. Also discussed extensively were the editorial policies of each paper and the amount of censorship the school administration wields over the articles in the paper.

On the darker side of things, the problems of each paper were also enumerated and discussed. For instance, deadlines and quality. These two seemed to provide the greatest difficulty for both staffs, and various measures were discussed for its solution. It seems that student writers and contributors lack or have not had any form of training at all; this is especially true of the BT staff. As a consequence, the quality of the articles submitted suffers.

Before leaving, the **Science Scholar** journalists extended an invitation to the BT staffers for the latter to visit the former's headquarters at the Philippine Science High School.



Farewell to you and the youth I have spent with you.
It was but yesterday we met in a dream.
You have sung to me in my aloneness, and I of your longings have
built a tower in the sky.

But now our sleep has fled and our dream is over, and it is no longer
dawn.

The noontide is upon us and our half waking has turned to fuller day,
and we must part.

If in the twilight of memory we should meet once more, we shall
speak again together and you shall sing to me a deeper song.

And if our hands meet in another dream we shall build another tower
in the sky.

Kahlil Gibran

Diversified Activities Mark First Semester

by Frank Raab, President ASSBA

This year Student Council activities have been very diversified. At the beginning of the school year a new standing committee was formed, the Reception Committee. It had been noted in the past that new students often had a very difficult time becoming adjusted to the A.S. and making friends, and the idea behind the formation of the Reception Committee was to help them become acquainted with the A. S. and its students. The activities of the Reception Committee were highlighted by a boat trip to Corregidor. Both old and new students were encouraged to go on this trip which proved to be very successful.

Monetary Allocations

Council has used its funds in many different areas. Money has been allocated to the Charity Committee to be given to the Blind School and other worthwhile charities. Student Council also gives needed funds to other committees and organizations. Interact Club was given P100 to buy two good basketballs for a local school. Forum Club obtained money so that it could sponsor assorted events during the year. Council has also given money to finance

an A. S. literary magazine to be distributed at the end of the year.

Inter-school Activities

Student Council has also been active in inter-school activities. On September 3 a few council members, including Vice-President Jeff Pappas, went to Maryknoll College at the request of its student council members. They wanted some advice in planning activities for their council. In October Student Council co-hosted with Faith Academy the PSSA Student Leadership Conference. Representatives were sent to this conference from Clark, Sangley, Subic, Faith, and the A. S. It was held at the Elks Club on Monday and Tuesday, October 13 and 14. The delegates arrived on Sunday, and there was a barbeque at John Forbes' house that night to give the delegate a chance to become acquainted. During the conference, discussions were held on pertinent topics such as "School Rules," "The Role of Student Council in School," and "Student Leadership." All in all there were fifteen discussion groups. Besides these discussion groups there were guest speakers who talked about Philippine culture

and Fil-American relations. On Monday afternoon there was a trip around the greater Manila area. In addition to the PSSA Conference, the American School sent delegates to the Children's Museum and Library Incorporated Conference held in Baguio. There was a report on this conference in the last issue of the B. T.

Parsons Note

Student Council has corresponded with George Parsons, a former ASSBA President. George was injured in an accident while serving in the Armed Forces, and for a while he was having trouble with his memory. Student Council sent him a letter and a bound copy of all the B. T's issued while he was president. It was hoped that this might help restore his memory. In a return letter we learned that he is recovering physically, even though he lost an eye, and that he hopes his memory will return to normal in time.

Dress Code

Student Council listens to, and tries to carry out suggestions when they are worthwhile. This year, through the Athletic Committee, flag football was started and the girls' cheerleading team was picked earlier in or-

der to give them more time to practice together. One important issue that Student Council worked on was a revised dress code. We realized that there was a great deal of dissatisfaction in the student body, and Student Council's proposed revisions were given to Dr. Blaine. He looked them over and approved the suggestions. It is hoped that this Code will be satisfactory and will be followed by the student body. If things get out of hand, we might have to return to the old Code.

Projected Plans

Several ideas are being planned for the second semester. One of these is an exchange student program with the PSSA and with local schools. Under this program students could be exchanged for two or three days. It would give them a chance to become familiar with other schools and learn what other teaching methods are like. Several fund-raising events are also being planned. Among these are the annual Carnival and a student council concert. It is hoped that the second semester will be as successful as the first and that there will be even more student participation, especially in the Student Council meetings.



A. S. Policy or "Button your Lip!"

David Rosinus

I was flicking channels on the idiot box the other night when I happened to come across a very interesting program. The show was titled "Spotlight on Controversy" and its host was that elite of the unelected elite, Frankly Biased. The gentleman whom Mr. Biased was interviewing was the distinguished Mr. A. S. Policy. Their conversation was so enlightening that I can remember it practically word for word.

"Please sit down, A.S. It's nice to have you with us tonight."

"Good to be here, Frankly. This is a great opportunity for me to share my revolutionary idea with all my friends out there in vast T.V. land."

"To get right to the subject, A.S., could you please expound upon this 'revolutionary idea' of yours?"

"With pleasure, Frankly. As you know, I am an executive at Eternal Night High School. Our student body is of a most outstanding and uncorrupt nature which is why I was becoming exceptionally disturbed about a problem which had been building at Eternal Night. The problem was this, Frankly — several unwanted and loathsome 'visitors' were invading our lovely campus during school hours, thereby subjecting our innocent students to adverse and disrupting influences. The situation had to be dealt with immediately and forcefully."

"Excuse me, A.S. Did you consider simply ordering your guards to gun down these arrogant intruders?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact that the first solution which entered my mind, but upon careful consideration it proved to be impractical. We are constantly receiving an inflow of new students and some guard might unwittingly fire upon one of our pupils whose face he did not recognize. No, a better answer had to be found."

"And that's where your idea comes in."

"Yes, as a matter of fact that the first solution which entered issued an anti-radioactivity button. This button would shut off a radiation-emitting machine which would hover over the school grounds. Anyone not wearing a button would be hunted down by this machine and blasted with a dose of radiation which would cause instant death."

"That's quite a conception, A.S. The next step, I believe, was to have your proposal ratified by Student Council."

"That is correct, Frankly. And this proved to be absolutely no problem at all. It did my heart good to witness such overwhelming support from the student body."

"If I may interrupt for a moment at this point, A.S., hasn't your Student Council often been accused of being anything but representative of your student body? I seem to recall an instance in the illustrious history of Eternal Night when an issue which the Senior class officers pigeonholed because of their opposition to it was, when forced to be put a class vote, acclaimed by a vote of 60-20."

"That is simply one isolated example, Frankly. Let's be realistic about this. After all, Student Council is composed of duly-elected officials, in the great tradition of democracy. No one is elected on popularity or reputation, but solely on merit."

"And yet, there are numerous student dissidents chanting 'HEY, HEY, RADIATION/KILLING MUST BE A COOL SENSATION' and carrying signs reading 'BAN THE BUTTON!'. What about these concerned activities?"

"These 'concerned activists' are nothing more than radical troublemakers. However, although I may not agree with what they say, I'll defend to the death their right to say it —"

"That was quite eloquent, Mr. Policy, its lack of originality notwithstanding."

— their right to say it, as long as they maintain a property respectful tone. I simply ignore their kind anyway, for they constitute nothing more than a noisy minority. The silent majority stands firmly behind me."

It's a Hassle

Get Junior Hi out of our rallies

Gary Fowler

"When's the next deadline for columns Vickie?" "It's Thursday, Gary and you'd better have your column in!" "I will, I think I will anyway." Thursday: "Well, where's your article Gary?" "Well you see, Vickie, I almost have it finished, I don't have it finished, I don't have a type-writer or anything so what am I gonna do?" "I'll type it for you just have it in tomorrow! Okay?" Tomorrow: "Well, where's your article Gary?" "I'm sorry Vickie, I didn't get it finished." etc. etc. etc. In case you've been wondering where my articles have been, you've just seen a prime example where they've been.

The above conversation is typical on deadline day.

No more football. Drat! That was real fun while it lasted. Also now when A.S. kids go back to the States for college they won't have to ask a lot of embarrassing questions while at a football game.

Pep rallies in this school need to be changed so badly that it is actually pitiful. I don't want to cut down personally those people in charge of the rallies now, but I think they must realize the need for changes in the present system. It's not that the rallies are too long, if they were interesting and well executed nobody would think of the time involved. A pep rally can be one hour long and still be successful. For a good pep rally one needs good speaker, fast and well-executed skits and well-known figures of the school carrying out things. Speeches must be at the most two minutes each and at intervals in-between skits and action. Skits should be at the most five minutes and should be carried out by people known and liked by the whole school.

The yell contests should be revised so that each grade has its own cheer made up by that class, or a member, or members of that class. This would give an identity to each class instead of the classes being conglomerated. (Nice word. — Ed.)

It's a fact that class identity must be attained to have successful school spirit. If there is no class unity, school spirit or class spirit, will not be achieved by that class and it will

greatly affect spirit in other classes. This is especially true of the junior and senior classes.

For a good pep rally, a momentum must be started at the beginning; this momentum should grow and grow until at the last there is a climax which pushes everybody to new heights of school spirit.

I think we should do away with the Junior High at our rallies; they have no business whatsoever at our rallies. Their athletes are not eligible for our Varsity and Junior Varsity teams. So they don't need to say anything; besides all they can do is clap and nothing else.

The school song should be played by the band once, not four times, at the beginning of the pep rally. In fact, what is the school song? I don't know the words of it myself. Let's mimeograph sheets of our song and sing it decently once at the beginning of the rally and at the end of the rally.

The last but most important point of a rally is participation by everybody. Not clapping; but yelling and feeling good about your school. Without participation there can be no such thing as a successful pep rally.

The dress code revised is much better. So far everybody I've seen have been real responsible dressers (if there is such an animal).

The Pledge of Allegiance in the morning is stupid in school. How would we Americans and Filipinos feel if there wasn't a flag from our country represented and yet we had to stand and say a pledge anyway. It wouldn't feel too cool. This is not a regular school with one nationality. There are many nationalities represented in this school and it's just not fair to those kids to do the same thing every morning, standing up to say nothing.

Soundsation was really good. I think those who came will agree. Another piece of information that proves the class of '70 is the best and will remain so!

That's about it for now; sooooo until the next time I hand in my article on time.

Michael A. White's Tragedy: "J.C."

David Rosinus

The rejection of the Senior Class Play, "J.C.!", by the Board of Trustees of the American School is a regrettable act which must none-the-less be admired for its clever subtlety.

Admired indeed! for the Board faced a dilemma which placed it in an uncomfortable position, which threatened to become even less pleasant if direct action were taken. The subtle course of action upon which the Board decided gladdened some, shocked many, and amazed all. Basically, this august body decided to refrain from using its supreme authority as a means of suppressing the play (for it might then be accused of taking a "might is right" stand); instead it endorsed the use of a coolly calculated strategy to lay an inescapable trap for its dangerously progressive foe.

But enough of generalization. On to specifics.

As everyone in the town of Makati seems to know, this year's Senior Class decided, by a vote of roughly 60-20, to present as its traditional Class Production a play written expressly for said presentation by alumnus Michael A. White, last year's residing literary genius. Dr. Blaine, with unrestrained unenthusiasm, approved the play. This threw the matter entirely into the conscience (maybe "at the conscience" would be more accurate) of the members of the upper rank of the hierarchy of the American School. It was at this point that a normally routine matter developed into the hideous monster of unnecessary controversy. Cries of "Inappropriate", "Disgraceful!", "Insulting!", and "Inappropriate!" began to be heard from the vaguely defined "adult community". The echoes of these protests reverberated in the minds of the members of the Board and amplified their own-all-too-conservative appraisals of "J.C.!". The subsequent consensus of the Board was that it did not wish in any way to be connected with the play and would, in fact, prefer that it not be produced. Subjective stand of this sort might intensify

the mood of dissatisfaction pervasive at the American School, reasoned the Board, and the cape of diplomacy being an excellent disguise for an authoritarian body, it became imperative to "by indirections force directions" (sorry about that, Bill S.).

The resourcefulness of the Board was more than equal to the disrupting task imposed upon it. Following consultation with its lawyer, it decreed that three requirements must be satisfied before it would grudgingly consent to the play's production. This "Stipulated Triplet" consisted of:

1) a statement of viability — an explanation of how the funds would be solicited for the rental of an auditorium.

2) permission slips — each member of the Senior Class acting in the play must have permission from his parent to do so.

3) waiving of rights and acceptance of responsibility — the "co-authors" of "J.C.!", Mike

White and Ken Uy, would waive claim to all royalties of the play and furthermore would agree to be completely liable for all aspects of the play's production and for all possible repercussions resulting from the play's performance.

Appreciating the fact that the Board was attempting to honorably extricate itself from its awkward position, the Stipulated Triplet would not seem too unreasonable. Appreciating this fact, of course. However, the conflict between the Board and the "J.C.!" advocates was not subsiding; the proverbial calm before the storm existed. Ken Uy would not sign the statement of liability under any circumstances or pressures; Mike White, secure in the United States, most likely would have contributed his signature. The play was dead — but only momentarily, for a new angle brought about its resurrection. It was pointed out to the Board that Ken Uy had merely arranged the songs embodied in the text of

"J.C.!" and that this was the extent of his alleged "co-authorship". Could anyone possibly take offense at musical notes played on an instrument? No. Logically, therefore, Ken should not be required to sign the statement and the burden of responsibility would then be dumped solely on Mike White's accepting shoulders.

But "logic" was not the byword of the day. The Board adamantly insisted on Mr. Uy's signature. And so "J.C.!" died its second unreasonable death.

The motives were nebulous, the tactics shrewd. A conservative Board once more stifled the plea for a more liberal atmosphere. I am at once sad and proud — sad that the Class of '70 will be the first Senior Class not to stage a Production, but overwhelmingly proud to be a part of this same class — a class which sought to present a spectacle which would represent our moods, relate our views, and reflect our intelligence. The death of "J.C.!" cannot destroy these moods, views and thoughts; conversely, youthful ideals live on, that much stronger for the oppression they overcame.

An Interview

The Prospective College Student

Ken Uy

Emily McShot is a prospective college student. She has her goals, her motives, her desires, her delusions, and her headaches. She also has a sore hand. Who can blame a girl for writing to thirty colleges?

Canwe Doit, from Mike White's OBS News Service in Olongapo, interviewed Emily during one of her several trips to the locker room.

Canwe: How do you do, Emily? I'm Canwe Doit, from OBS News Service in lovely Olongapo. May I interview you?

Emily: Uh, yeah! Just wait a little...

(After a minute or two)

Emily: Okay!

Canwe: Well, Emily, I'm going to ask you, the prospective college student, some questions about college. Like, why do you want to go to college?

Emily: Well, that's really hard. You know, a lot of people al-

ways ask us questions like that, and you really can't answer them. For one thing, whatever I say, it'll be wrong, you know? **Canwe:** No, don't know... So why do you want to go to college?

Emily: Well, if you promise not to tell anyone, I'll tell you. I just want to learn more things, become a better educated human being, get some of those hard experiences which one must face in the adult world. And, well, you know. You must have been to college.

Canwe: So what, I want to know why you want to go to college.

Emily: Okay, okay. Besides learning things, I want a chance to find out how hard it is to get out on my own. I also want to see if I can study hard and really accept that challenge that our great modern democratic society offers.

Canwe: Are you serious? I mean, what do you mean by all this challenge?

Emily: God, are you dense! Why do ask all this, uh, these stupid questions?

Canwe: Look Emily, I said I was interviewing you. Now what about all those dense people who are going to read this interview? Are you going to leave all of them sitting silly trying to figure out what you're saying? Now don't tell me how to do my job. Be patient and answer the question.

Emily: God, you OBS guys are all alike. Anyway, this challenge is the challenge of life. Didn't someone say, "Education is life?"

Canwe: Yeah, someone did. Big deal. So what is this "Challenge of life?"

Emily: Well, for the benefit of you readers, I'll have to explain.

Canwe: Good, you got it.

(Cont. next page)

Prospective . . .

(Cont. from p 9)

Emily: Okay. The challenge of life is this. You know, for all my life I've lived in close with my family and school. All the real people I've known are these people. Also, I've always depended on these people. You know, everyone just takes their parents and everything for granted. But when you get into college, it won't be like that. You're on your own. That's the challenge of life.

Canwe: Hey, that sounds pretty good. What are you going to do in college?

Emily: Well, what do you think I'm going to do? Sit around? I'm gonna study hard and work hard and do real good in college.

Canwe: Are you doing this now?

Emily: Heck no. I've always been lazy in college, I mean high school, and I intend to cut that out in college.

Canwe: Uh huh. How do you know you're really gonna do well in college?

Emily: Well, doesn't anyone who works real hard and everything usually succeed?

Canwe: Look, I'm trying real hard to interview you and I'm not succeeding.

Emily: Well, you're just weird. Anyway, if I work hard, and study hard, pass those exams and every thing, I should do well in college.

Canwe: Are you doing well here now?

Emily: Well, if you consider a B—average okay, I guess so.

Canwe: But you aren't working real hard.

Emily: Look, quit cutting me down and get on.

Canwe: Okay, okay, sorry na man. What about grades? Are they gonna pressure you in college?

Emily: Look, I don't care at all about grades. I think grades are meaningless and I hate those guys who work for the grade. I think its the real interest in the learning process and not the grade. Grades don't usually accurately measure that learning process.

Canwe: Well, can you clarify and qualify that some more?

Emily: Yeah, God, I hate this grade-conscious bit. Anyway, the thing that should pressure you is whether you're learning anything or not. You know, ask yourself, "Am I learning anything or not?"

Canwe: Am I learning anything or not?"

Emily: Very funny. Anyway, you can get C's and D's and really learn stuff and get A's and B's and not learn anything at all. I don't want to mention names, but it's done here now.

Canwe: That doesn't clarify it any.

Emily:.....Look, there are these kids who go home and memorize and memorize so they can get that A on the exam. They go through their whole high school life with their nose in a book. In college, these same kids will take subjects they know are easy and they'll work and work and get those good grades. And what do you learn? All they know are those facts, and not much of anything else. I mean, they're just memory-banks and not educated people. You know what I mean?

Canwe: Yeah, yeah. Like the guy who takes typing and gets an A and skip math cause they'll get a D.

Emily: Yeah, that's it.

Canwe: But if you say you're gonna work real hard and do well, doesn't that mean you're gonna get good grades, too? You can't say you're doing well unless you have that good grade.

Emily: Yeah, but at least I'll be learning things. I'm going to study to learn, not to know facts. Maybe I won't get good grades, but I'll be smarter than those other guys.

Canwe: Don't you think that if you work hard and study hard, good grades will come as a matter of course?

Emily: NO! And I don't want to argue anymore about it!

Canwe: Okay, okay. So one last question. What will you do when you get out of college?

Emily: Well, I'm going to be an educated person. I'm going to know how to handle that big challenge of life and know how to understand others. But you want to know what I'm going to do. Well, I'll worry about that in my Sophomore Year when we choose majors. But I know what I won't do. I won't get married. Look, I have to run; the bell's going to ring, and well good-bye. (Runs off)

Canve: Yeah, see you. So readers, this is the interview with the prospective college student. She may not be typical, but then again, in this world of individual, what is typical? Abnormal?

So, in behalf of OBS News Service, this is Canwe Doit, saying good-bye and good-night. Check us out again next time when Canwe Doit and the OBS News Service interviews the Prospect-

ive Draft-Dodger. So good-bye
again and good-night.

Any reference to real people by way of name, character, or in any other form is purely intentional.

i love you 1970

time time time time time time time time time time time
?

Is a white nocolor bright shiftly shapeful cloud

Is the blithe blinking of leave at the sun

Is all games all joyful unclutchables!

And can YOU pull apart the years? The so-called ages of ago are all light with stories of perhaps and icantquiteremember. OUR true past lies in the future; give me an instant (if you are able) and I'll give you a Future. But why should we mind past or future with their blind certainties of birth and death? Only the nothing now, We LIVE in and into and in the innermost of the INSTANT: the laughing, gasping point of blood and breath and the telling of all stories. On like a needle tip, like a rocket ship through the fraying frazzled ball of when and where, as stars and the earth watch in heavy-cheeked eternal dread envy dry mockery.

I think there are 3650 days in ten years, although I can't quite remember (because of leap years). Once it was 1960, I suppose. But I blew hardhardhard and onced it into 1970, and here it is, I give it to You. The 3650 days passed, tick tick tick, sun and sky stars and sometimes the moon was missing, as all days must pass. THE INSTANT NEVER CHANGES, and I am nothing if not all things.

To conform to the alleged purpose and existence of this twisted line of words, to lift the grand kite of Progress and Erudition into the dancing heavens, I did in the fall of 1969 write a few poems, oh yes. Please do not ask me what poetry is or is not, or whether I am a poet. Poetry must be something, and I can see ten fingers on my two hands (all in all). Of course I do not deny the critics their games. But I claim nothing for these poems or any others. I am a bit, a piece, a leaf floating down a bright stream. I LOVE to swim and I care not/what banks I can't see. Calling all boat-owners: you shall be enlightened by the Gulf Stream observations of Mr. Marshall McLuhan: The Senses (YOUR senses) are coming home; mapping and measuring have been booted quite uncere- moniously out of our dining room are on no one's guest list any- more. The world is a flower with laughter at their ridiculous de- mise, as could have been expected long since. Marshall says we are All Coming Together, in the instantaneous, world, of electronic technology, into a Global Tribe, or Tribal Globe; the relationships of objects in this world will play the magic games of the ear. Auditory perception relates rather than isolates, "auditory space is a total field of simultaneous relations in which 'change' has little meaning . . . print culture confers on man a language of thought which leaves him quite unready to face the language of his own electro- magnetic technology" (p. 42, **The Gutenberg Galaxy**, The New Amer- ican Library, Signet Books, 1969). Well, McLuhan is no god, but certainly I would say he is a folk hero, a Moses, a Noah, a T.S. Eliot, an exceeding wise man. Type print is very little beautiful. And should not poetry be spoken or sung and full of blessing danced? It should! The breath and the body are fine things, full of evanes- cence if also a somewhat degenerate. But it is ours.

We are all Poets Now.

I am Alan A Dale, and I, Alan A Dale, vote Marshall McLuhan for Robin Hood, and I will sing for him in our shining forest of TV antennas, and I will sing for you All!

I love you 1970

beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat beat

— E. T.

DIG THIS!



don cushing

I enjoyed **Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid**, despite the fact that there were flaws and that it relied heavily upon past films, notably **Bonnie and Clyde** and **The Wild Bunch**. Unfortunately, Director George Roy Hill (**Toys in the Attic**, **Hawaii**) is neither Arthur Penn (**Bonnie and Clyde**) nor a Sam Peckinpah (**The Wild Bunch**) because he fails, while the other two succeeded, in capturing any of the feeling, mood or atmosphere of the great, old and tense American West. He throws in slow motion for a death scene and uses a rust color to simulate old movies. Unfortunately, he also forgets to turn off the sound.

The film, however, is a success when it takes off its somber, sympathetic mask and plays itself for laughs. There is one highly hilarious part in which Butch Cassidy and Sundance have to memorize some Spanish dialogue before robbing a Bolivian bank. A burlesque joke where Sundance tells a damsel at gun point to undress is amusingly played straight until the end. Some pleasant Burt Bacharach songs are added, although they lend absolutely nothing to the action.

As Butch Cassidy, Paul Newman has such a likeableness that you easily or really forget that he is supposed to be playing one of the West's notorious gunmen. Robert Redford, who has already displayed his flair for comedy on Broadway (**Barefoot in the Park**, **Sundays in New York**), proves himself an agile actor as well as a crafty comic.

Those of you who consider **Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid** mere entertainment are entirely correct because beneath its surface there is really nothing at all.

In a **New York Times** interview, Director Roger Vadim was to have said that his film, **The Game is Over**, was "a study of a decadent society and a celebration of the human body." Many critics disagreed when it was shown in New York in 1967, and called it "obscene" and "dirty," recognizing it only as pornography. Actually, the film is neither erotic nor a study, but simply a silly, soppy soap opera about a young wife (Jane Fonda) who falls in love with her stepson (Peter McEnery).

The best thing about the film is its photography (by Claude Renoir) which manages to say more than any script Roger Vadim dreamed up. Renoir uses the camera the same way his grandfather, the great painter, uses the brush. Objects are pumped with life and expanded beyond their regular dimensions. The mere take-off of a jet produces the overwhelming effect of watching some fifty years of aircraft advancement slowly rolling by, and the frames are painted in with hues too pretty to really be called pornographic.

Several "super-musicians" in the true sense of the word have combined talents to produce a double-record album entitled "The Masked Marauders" to avoid legal problems. This effort reaches a sort of pinnacle among other "super-jams" (Super Session, Merriweather, Live Adventures of Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper, etc.) and "super-jams" which resulted in "super-groups" such as Blind Faith and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. The aforementioned "masked" musicians are quite well known: John Lennon, Mick Jagger, George Harrison, Bob Dylan, and Paul McCartney. The selections on the album include "Season of the Witch", "With a Little Help from my Friends," a satiric "In the Midnight Hour," "Oh Happy Day," and "Cow Pie" (one of two originals Bob Dylan composed exclusively for the recording). This album finally seems like the answer to the question "Why don't so and so get together and play? Imagine the result!" And, amazingly, the obstacles usually preventing such a proposition proved to be no problem. Publicity was kept to a minimum, ego conflicts were almost non-existent, and legal contractual problems were avoided through the establishment of a new record label, and the non-printing of the names of the participants. Needless to say, the prospect of having McCartney, Dylan, Lennon, Jagger, and Harrison together on one album is incentive

enough on the part of any music fan to purchase any such recording.

Albums to look out for: Eric Clapton and Stevie Winwood will be coming out with their respective solo L.P.'s sometime in the near future. The Beatle's next album, **Get Back**, is slated to be released this coming January.

Carlos Santana, after years of struggling in the almost too common blues format, has innovated and experimented and has come up with one of the most unique bands in rock history. **Santana**, the name of the group and of the first album, features Latin percussion in a rock setting, together with the usual bass, guitar, drums, and not so usual Hammond organ. But perhaps as an important factor as any in the group's success is what is known as "togetherness." The sound is almost inseparable. The congas, drums, and thumping bass mix and interchange; the organ surges in and rolls out like a powerful tide; the guitar riffs flow into prominence then back into blending show amazing control in terms of dominance or lack of it on the part of Carlos Santana, the group's leader and lead guitarist. Perhaps familiar to some is the song, "Jingo" released as a 45 and currently on top 40 charts. Other songs which can be singled out are "Soul Sacrifice" and "Persuasion," although the whole album is nothing short of great.



I Speak For

ROD

I do not speak for democracy.

I cannot merely speak for democracy when that elusive word remains a plea unspoken, a cry unheard, a canticle unsung by my brethren.

I cannot merely speak for democracy if every pore and fiber of my being recoils at the festering sores of human blight and unhealed social cancer.

No! No!

Too long have I averted my eyes; too low raised my vision; too easily forgotten my obligations. No longer can the bounds of decorous language contain the frustrated passion of my people nor my desperate compassion for them.

I do not speak for democracy — I cry out for this long lost prize.

Somewhere in the stream of time, between today and the century just past, that dearly won gift was somehow forfeited. Sometime in the ebb and flow of recent history, that vital strand connecting past and present was severed — sundering modern wonder from ancient dream, prospect from retrospect, reality from recollection.

Where went this life-line of progress, stability, identity? How did we somehow fail?

Yesterday, no more than four years ago, one man dared to open his eyes to comprehend misery and bondage. This man took up a pen and translated anguish into articulate eloquence, slavery into defiant sentence, only to be shot till he lay dead by his fearful foes.

Today, four of his spiritual children languish in a remote prison, jailed on trumped-up charges vulnerable to untimely, yet well-timed execution. Theirs is the fate of those who chose the solitary example of our national hero. Theirs is a martyrdom no less real because **nothing has changed.**

Yesterday, another man dreamt a vision of a prospering people living in harmony, the song of freedom always on their lips. This man, fired by a dream and a song, took up his blade and hurled a challenge to his colonizers, only to be thwarted at the threshold of victory by yet another more imperial master.

Today, thirty-six of those who chose to continue the struggle against this same foe wait out their lives behind bars. Theirs was the folly of fighting for deliverance from exploitation. Theirs too was the same brave hope. Because **nothing has changed.**

Do we not perceive the desperate similarities, the discouraging parallels?

I speak for democracy as I speak of age-old poverty, ignorance, exploitation.

I speak for democracy as I speak against its distorted caricature, its shadow without substances, its trappings without flesh.

Is democracy ours if ninety-five percent of our people live out on a hand-to-mouth existence while from a distance, a group of families luxuriate in pampered comfort?

Is democracy ours if both political parties are but two factions of the same class, two identical faces of the same stinking coin?

Is democracy ours if the widespread graft and corruption daily diminishes our people's hope for a truly responsive and responsible government?

Because, by any definition or standard of democracy, we are not one.

Plato conceived of an ideal state presided over by a wise and honest class of philosopher kings. In our country, can anyone point to a handful of public officials and without hesitation, vouch for their integrity?

Aristotle dreamt of a community constantly striving for self-perfection. In our country, has the natural drive for progress overcome selfishness, apathy, indifference, and ruthless misuse of power by those who possess it?

Rousseau expounded on the natural and inalienable rights of man, a theme later to be enshrined in the immortal phrases of the American Declaration of Independence. Can anyone here deny that our people lack the creative opportunities to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

Voltaire denounced intolerance and hypocrisy in all levels of society. Are we, on the other hand, a tolerant and truthful people? Are we a polity where decisions are made of, for, and by the people, where nationalism charts the nation's destiny?

Let me tell you this: As long as we remain deluded by fine legal documents, we fail the legal spirit of justice and humanism.

As long as we remain awed by the Makati skyline, we fail the community of shanties lying just across the tracks.

As long as we smugly reassure ourselves that everything is in order, our very same smugness will inexorably pull us down to the brink of national disaster.



The students know this.

In every library, where books are opened, in every canteen where discussions go on, in every auditorium where lectures and symposia are conducted, I tell you with a lifted heart, **THE STUDENTS KNOW THIS.**

They know because they have read about our "rule of law" yet have witnessed with their own eyes men shot dead in broad daylight with nary a uniform in sight.

Democracy

E. RODIS

They know because they have been taught to revere Mother America yet have learned about her military bases, about her economic "parity" treaties, about her atrocious war in Vietnam.

They know because they have heard all the endless campaign speeches yet are aware that empty words cannot fill empty stomachs nor provide jobs nor least of all give us peace and order.

But the students have taken the challenge, working hand in hand with their brothers from the soil, their brothers from the mines, from the endless production lines.

The challenge was answered by the picketers at the Agrifina Circle who willed our president himself to admit them in and hear their demands. HISTORY IS ON THEIR SIDE.



The challenge is answered by the private school students who spend their summers teaching slum children, training unlettered peasants, opening the doors of our century to our backward minority brothers. HISTORY IS ON THEIR SIDE.

The challenge is answered even by the thousand upon thousand students who prefer conscientious study, not because they want to live well, but because they know that their skills will be sorely needed. HISTORY, AGAIN, IS ON THEIR SIDE.

For History sides with any one man who consciously REJECTS smug self-delusion and faces up to the overwhelming problems of his age. History has always sided where the hard work is, where the self-sacrifice is, and if need be, where the dying is to be done.

If we are to turn anywhere at all for eleventh-hour salvation, it is to the campuses we must turn our eyes to, for in the very beginning stages of history-making, the Filipino student occupies center stage.

But the Filipino student alone cannot shoulder the national burden.

His voice is too weak, no matter how defiant.

His strength is too limited, no matter how willing.

His breath of experience is too narrow, no matter how aware or idealistic he may be.

In the ultimate analysis, the struggle for truly democratic reforms in our society must be carried out by all the Filipino people in a concerted action. The inspiration for new life and new meaning into our dead institutions must partake of the national soul itself, drawing from the aspirations of every class in our society.

And within this meaningful framework of integrated action, I can suggest several channels which may strike at the very roots of our problems and banish forever the spectre of tyranny.

Foremost among this is the Constitutional Convention.

In 1971, duly elected representatives of the Filipino people coming from all walks of life will meet to draft all over again the fundamental law of the land. This primary testament to our living national epic has failed to change with time. It has not kept pace with people and events, with the transformation of the world around us, and inside us.

Observers have voiced the pertinent opinion that this Convention is the last remaining hope of our republic for a truly peaceful yet meaningful change. And I wholeheartedly share this opinion reminding myself that it is my generation, to whom change will mean the most.

Another means is to give widespread public support to such reformist organizations as the Christian Social Movement, the Movement for the Advancement of Nationalism, the Federated Movement for Justice and Reform, and other such organizations pledged to the well-being of our downtrodden masses.

Other solutions have been espoused by other responsible leaders all primarily directed towards the institutions we have shaped and which in turn have shaped us. But I believe the foremost thing we must bear in mind is this: that institutions have not worked where the people have not proven themselves worthy of it.

Our society will live and continue to advance only as long as we make it. We ourselves will persevere in the struggle for a living and practical democracy if we do not let ourselves be deceived by delusions of success. Only our hands can fashion change, not our fancies. Only we ourselves can protect and improve upon change and not any other people in the world.

This then is the final word I give to you: the call to eternal vigilance has always been sounded. An enslaved people has always been a careless and ignorant one. Freedom is what we make of it and how long we manage to defend it. We are condemned to be free. Let us always remember that.

Thus, on this note of admonishment, yet of anticipation. Of caution, yet of catharsis. Of enduring self-sacrifice, yet of eventual triumph... I SPEAK FOR DEMOCRACY.

Author's Note:

This oratorical piece is my personal summation of the local situation. This piece has been heavily criticized by a certain American school teacher for allegedly depreciating the substance of democracy. She also criticized my selection as the school representative on the grounds that I would not be presenting the A.S. brand of democracy. (Whatever that is)

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I Speak For Democracy

RODEL E. RODIS

I do not speak for democracy.

I cannot merely speak for democracy when that elusive word remains a plea unspoken, a cry unheard, a canticle unsung by my brethren.

I cannot merely speak for democracy if every pore and fiber of my being recoils at the festering sores of human blight and unhealed social cancer.

No! No!

Too long have I averted my eyes; too low raised my vision; too easily forgotten my obligations. No longer can the bounds of decorous language contain the frustrated passion of my people nor my desperate compassion for them.

I do not speak for democracy — I cry out for this long lost prize.

Somewhere in the stream of time, between today and the century just past, that dearly won gift was somehow forfeited. Sometime in the ebb and flow of recent history, that vital strand connecting past and present was severed — sundering modern wonder from ancient dream, prospect from retrospect, reality from recollection.

Where went this life-line of progress, stability, identity? How did we somehow fail?

Yesterday, no more than four years ago, one man dared to open his eyes to comprehend misery and bondage. This man took up a pen and translated anguish into articulate eloquence, slavery into defiant sentence, only to be shot till he lay dead by his fearful foes.

Today, four of his spiritual children languish in a remote prison, jailed on trumped-up charges vulnerable to untimely, yet well-timed execution. Theirs is the fate of those who chose the solitary example of our national hero. Theirs is a martyrdom no less real because **nothing has changed.**

Yesterday, another man dreamt a vision of a prospering people living in harmony, the song of freedom always on their lips. This man, fired by a dream and a song, took up his blade and hurled a challenge to his colonizers, only to be thwarted at the threshold of victory by yet another more imperial master.

Today, thirty-six of those who chose to continue the struggle against this same foe wait out their lives behind bars. Theirs was the folly of fighting for deliverance from exploitation. Theirs too was the same brave hope. Because **nothing has changed.**

Do we not perceive the desperate similarities, the discouraging parallels?

I speak for democracy as I speak of age-old poverty, ignorance, exploitation.

I speak for democracy as I speak against its distorted caricature, its shadow without substances, its trappings without flesh.

Is democracy ours if ninety-five percent of our people live out on a hand-to-mouth existence while from a distance, a group of families luxuriate in pampered comfort?

Is democracy ours if both political parties are but two factions of the same class, two identical faces of the same stinking coin?

Is democracy ours if the widespread graft and corruption daily diminishes our people's hope for a truly responsive and responsible government?

Because, by any definition or standard of democracy, we are not one.

Plato conceived of an ideal state presided over by a wise and honest class of philosopher kings. In our country, can anyone point to a handful of public officials and without hesitation, vouch for their integrity?

Aristotle dreamt of a community constantly striving for self-perfection. In our country, has the natural drive for progress overcome selfishness, apathy, indifference, and ruthless misuse of power by those who possess it?

Rousseau expounded on the natural and inalienable rights of man, a theme later to be enshrined in the immortal phrases of the American Declaration of Independence. Can anyone here deny that our people lack the creative opportunities to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

Voltaire denounced intolerance and hypocrisy in all levels of society. Are we, on the other hand, a tolerant and truthful people? Are we a polity where decisions are made of, for, and by the people, where nationalism charts the nation's destiny?

Let me tell you this: As long as we remain deluded by fine legal documents, we fail the legal spirit of justice and humanism.

As long as we remain awed by the Makati skyline, we fail the community of shanties lying just across the tracks.

As long as we smugly reassure ourselves that everything is in order, our very same smugness will inexorably pull us down to the brink of national disaster.



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"Education is Life"

John S. McMurrin
Head, English Dept.

When observant educators in the centuries to come look back upon our failure and try to analyze the causes of the impending revolution, they will laugh cynically at the "pathetic flaw" which has engulfed us, "Imagine them naming those vessels Apollo and the like."

"Just be thankful they didn't name one of them Sophocles or Herod. In fact it is quite significant they used the Roman name. It is weird. I can even believe it a kind of foreboding of imminent doom."

"The bitter irony of it though. They paid lip-service to the Greeks and Romans, but never read their works."

"Thank Zeus for that! If they had they'd spent too much time examining their existence and have denied us the opportunity of studying their errors."

"You're right. It certainly is a fascinating study of human beings who studied everything but themselves. They were experts in all disciplines, but didn't have time to study human nature."

"Psychology they ladled that discipline."

"At least they have taught us that Pope was right, when he said, 'The proper study of mankind is man.'"

"Yes and they're much more interesting than Pope. Their over-emphasis on sex is a much more interesting study than prudery in the Victorian era. What's that new study which shows that the Victorians were actually less repressed than twentieth century man?"

Such a dialogue, though contrived, is not mere fantasy. So obsessed are we today with our endless discussions about curriculum and techniques, that we have no time for a course on man. Sounds too simple and too broad, but because it is so simple it has been overlooked or taken for granted. The quest for truth about man, the dialogue about human nature, is strangled by a curriculum weighted down

by the vested interests of those who teach it, and those administrators who guard its sacred subdivisions like frightened animals before the kill. The courses may look different from year to year, or even from semester to semester, the textbooks may change color because the Harvard professors need their royalties, teachers and students come and go, but the five disciplines grind on; and, man himself is never actually studied as the point of focus.

Of course, history may examine a hypothesis or two about the nature of group man, a social studies may attempt to relate man to a given environment at a given time. Mathematics may digress into cybernetics now and then, or even into man's symbol making drive. Language talks boldly of what really separates the Frenchman from the Russians or American in terms of cultural barriers, but it is as if nationalities and language transcend the nature of the human predicament. Science studies Darwin, sperm banks, man in space, man in the test tube, but not man himself. English may now and then ignore the admiration of the literary form to look at the man which it tries to depict, but Hamlet, Oedipus and Willy Loman are too frightening to dissect. Salvation is found in the techniques of expository writing or in pseudo creative clubs which make mockery of the creative process.

Fortunately, as we all know, but too seldom admit, the students learn about man on their own. In order to do this they have to forget all the concepts which were crammed down their

throats the previous years, and with uncluttered minds relate to human beings as persons rather than ideas.

Perhaps secondary education has ignored what man has learned about man because we think that colleges will expose students to him. But any sophomore in college, with the vague illusions of the high school senior destroyed, knows that the obsession and pressures of specialization and compartmentalization have been magnified a hundred times over his high school experience. In the endless struggle to accumulate enough credits to get a degree and attain social respectability for himself and his parents, he has studied history, psychology, sociology, physical and cultural anthropology, ethology, surfing, under-water basket-weaving, foolosophy and biology, but he has not studied man.

The result of this robot-like process is that a "normal" student looks at his education superficially as a series of steps, each ending with a piece of paper and each opening another door into a dying society.

Education is not preparation for life: Education is life. It is a process which cannot be divided into steps and treated like an assembly line of cars. Man is human even though he often acts like a machine. Young adults pressured by parents, teachers and peers to win social acceptance through education look at college as a means to an end. They separate the means-end relationship by deluding themselves that a bad means can still lead to a good end. They spend their parents' money, but are miserable because



Mr. McMurrin

they see no relevance in what it is buying. Knowing inwardly that they are products on the economic market, they cry out for human values. The irony is that they perpetuate the myth because they are postponing responsibility for a free ride from their parents.

Solutions to his vicious circle are numerous, we would first of all have to admit that whereas institutions were originally made to serve man, we have made man serve the institutions. The inner crisis must be resolved before any other one can be met. There is no wealth, as John Ruskin said, but life, and there is no consummation of life except in the perpetual growth and renewal of the human person: machines, organization, institutions, wealth, power, culture, cities, landscapes, industries, are secondary instruments in that process. **Nothing** that man has created is outside his capacity to change, to remold, to supplant, or to destroy: his machines and his rockets are no more sacred or substantial than the dreams in which they originated. This generation can create new dreams and find new meanings—meanings based on greater commitments than those to Mammon. This can be accomplished only by those who are willing to say with the Christian existentialist, Gabriel Marcel, "I am obliged to bear witness because I hold, as it were, a particle of light, and to keep it to myself would be equivalent to extinguishing it."

the fluttering leaves swished by the cool wind
usher in a crescendo of stumping feet...
the honking noise of an old sedan
drowns the rasping melody of Joan Baez
singing Schubert's Ave Maria...

a forlorn figure gesticulates as his
brows reveal wrinkle-etched scars
caused by the passing of too many monsoons...
his low voice strains to exact an answer
from and for my soul...

an ancient and to me senseless ritual
whose raison d'être lies not in itself
but for itself — reaching to me from
those before me as if it were a sin to defy...
and... i lower my vision...

cowering for defense, i use words...
that fail to pierce the perplexing stare
both gentle and stern in his eyes...
which seeks to coax from an answer
to soothe a heart whose beats are numbered...

his words though void of rhetoric nor eloquence
pack within them an eternity-lived, apocalyptic
mass of jambed visions of a simple dream
he has sought to drain his soul to fulfill
and i, the living evidence to his very existence,
stand, a conglomerate of elements...

mute...

Give me a meadow
and dew in the morning

Give me a sky
a high, wind-washed haven

Give me an hour
to know my own feelings

Give me the quiet
of dreams before sleep

The self that I am
finds no satisfaction

For I am bound
to the word I know naught

All I have done
for a time in the limelight

Is dictated by
what the others would hear

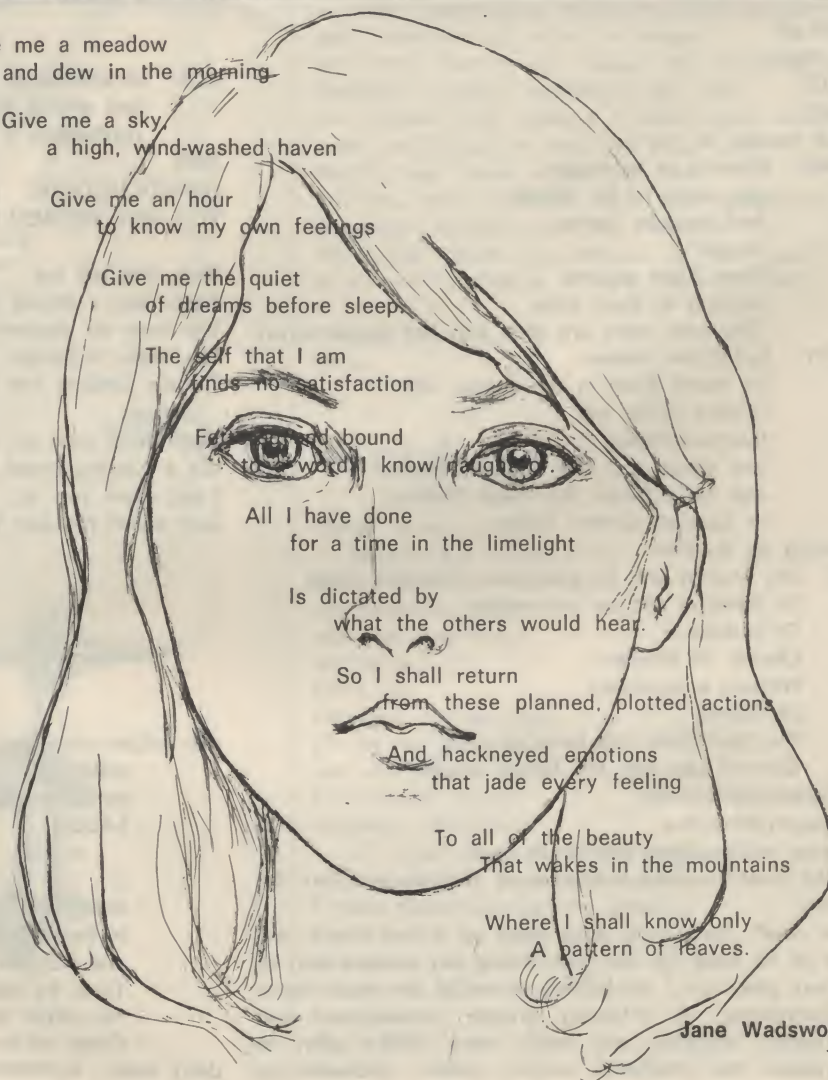
So I shall return
from these planned, plotted actions

And hackneyed emotions
that jade every feeling

To all of the beauty
That wakes in the mountains

Where I shall know only
A pattern of leaves.

Jane Wadsworth



Introduction to "The Marvelous Game of Life"

When I was a child, we had, in our house, a 'parlor game' called "LIFE", put out, I believe, by Milton Bradley, and espoused by Art Linkletter. It was a perfectly wholesome game, by itself, but, unfortunately, I was not a perfectly wholesome (or sane) child. Anyway, I was fascinated by the 'spinner', a wheel that could not help but remind me of a roulette wheel, which as it turned ticked obscenely against a slip of plastic or something, I can't quite remember:

Edith Terry

The Marvelous Game of Life

Ages 6 to 60!

(Retail Price: nothing...see your local dealer)

Who left you in my living room
Life?

Puny plastic tinwheel trap of
Our valuable Time and attention!
I thought I hid you safely in the closet
I know you EXACTLY
Life

You sentimentality in one's intimate associates
you mustard in my peanut butter.

What? Surely you are being facetious?
(might as well)

This is completely asinine but
(bring out the board, Mord)

O since it seems to satisfy your irrational urges and
Desires in some obscure way I'll

WATCH
the stupid wheel go
round and round
and STOP.

At the beginning:

BIRTH: advance quickly to

TOILET TRAINING: Mommy is so happy
She went to Dr. Spock
And brought home
To you
Three little piglets
Sucking at their toes
(The pink ones are girls and the purple boys)

SIBLING RIVALRY: forfeit ten moves
Go stand Alice in the corner with
Ulisses Alice and
Rumplestiltskin,
and Byron and the Bobbsey Twins
and don't forget the Black Stallion
or Scarlett O'Hara either

O kids, It's coming up doubles

ADOLESCENCE: The prodigy will be graciously disposed today
To invent a nuclear nutcracker
Or perhaps
Chump off Sverest
Without a parachute
Of course
The Southland lost because
General Lee and Jim Nestle wouldn't

Love: (me) floradoragomarra!
begorrahbabybut
your puffscudding cowclouds have
the most beautiful blurred eyes (Tommy you Turn me
on)

So what else is new? there's no such thing as a free lunch, and
I do so hope I'm not committing any serious sort of
faux pas, but I do believe it would be much more
interesting, of infinitely greater consequence and
reward, actually, and really mere child's play! to
reduce the rotational motion (either clockwise or

counter-clockwise, or course) of that little arrow or
pointer, depending on your terminology, to a rather
elegant (would even say lovely) **vector** equation of
the third degree and furthermore (shut up and play)

SEX: So there we were

Mish and I, meditating, you might say
When suddenly this tremendous Beast flops
Six hundred feet out of a clear blue lake
And I scream, Play it, man, o give it a little line
o. oh. Oh! OH what happened what happened Huck (no ans.)

MARRIAGE: Take one wedding /
A suede sedan and
Sixty thousand smackeroos for
A mid-Georgian neo-classical baroque
Snazzy Windsor eyesore

— advance three, go back twenty-one —

PICK A CHILD (any child) SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE:

BIRTH: oh absurdity the end of all
how cute
the Immortality in its
non-no se, no-eyes
I feel I must reiterate
How Cute

FEED IT AND DRAIN IT AT REGULAR INTERVALS
AND IT WILL FOLLOW A COURSE OF DEVELOPMENT
QUITE NORMAL AND NATURAL IN EVERY WAY:

When it doesn't hurt
oh boy what joy
to watch the Creature
make mistakes
we could always fake
(then it hurt)

And the Wheel It Spins Around Again
(and again and again) TO

AGE: strumschious cherripies
and angels singing home sweet home in the
razzberrie

AND

GRANDCHILDREN: (again and again)
YOU WIN, FRIEND !!!

(you're dead

Now, life, tell me

Again why I should bother.

You have no mysteries,
No magic initiation.

There's nothing hid beneath the folds and rolls of form except a
carcass.

Light flows over all, irregardless, and forever the same.

It's a passing mood, I tell you.

I can chew you up;

Just watch me spit you

WELL
WELL
WELL
WELL
WELL
WELL
WELL

the million mile long

dribbling
purple and green
LAUGH

is this:

LIFE

shall take you fold you
in her Shining Spinning Arms
and DEVOUR YOU
(inch by squirming inch)
the abyss at the
Origin of the Axes

don't walk: RUNNNNNNN !!!

Seriously

It's time to leave this sickly world
Where mighty Dreams, with flags unfurled
And silver swords in circles twirled,
Prepare, although by madness whirled,
To clash with Truth's most noble band.
The Truths will fall and Dreams will stand:
Desire can force the strongest hand.
Yes. Time to leave this dying land.

Another dawn, another place —
Note how Truths and Dreams embrace!
Now! Let's join this master race!

So strange to be entirely free
To laugh at **crazy** misery
Of **people**, lost in fantasy,
Ignoring true reality.

David A. Rosinus

Sonnet Third

Self-Pity There Is None

"FOOLISH AND SENSITIVE MORTAL THAT YOU ARE:

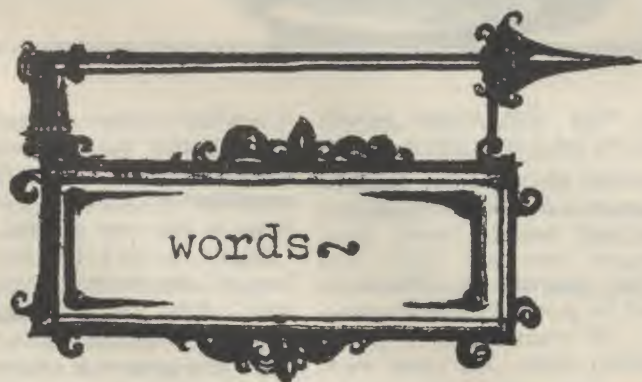
How dare you think that sober truths prevail?
How dare you live a life sincere and free?
Must I for you reality unveil?
Must I remove life's outworm canopy?"

No, please allow the cover to remain,
For nothing hides beneath that threadbare cloak
From eyes like mine, which only seek to gain
An insight to the pain which lies evoke.

I've long since known that sober truth is rare
While drunken lies infest our foolish race.
My innocence does not disguise despair,
Nor can it — desperation lines my face.

So I'll adhere to my philosophy:
I'll be what others are too weak to be.

David A. Rosinus



Come On, Don't Ask

Come on, don't ask me what I think and feel —
I do not know, or even care.
Don't plague me with the question "What is Real?"
— with meaningless semantics thin as air.
Just leave me all alone in fantasy,
and don't destroy my peace, my quiet world.
Perhaps I'm lost. Illusionful but free,
and cloaked with dreams I never have unfurled
I am not forced to feel the bitter cold
Reality that blows upon your face.
But you, who face the Truth with questions bold
do answer quickly come for to erase
the subtle doubts you harbour in your mind?
In all your searching do your answers find?

Oct. 21
M.M.

Words

Words words words
— insignificant trifling traps
but all we have to bridge
the widening gaps
between your mind
and mine.
Don't go.
I'm sorry I'm so slow.
I'll try to hurry —
just don't go.
I'll find the words
somehow, sometime
— I'll steal them from the language
and make them yours and mine.
I don't know just what's wrong
but I'll try to learn and grow,
and when at last I do,
my words will start to flow.

Nov. 19
M. M.

The phone rang. Once... twice... Raina strolled over, picked it up and rested it on her shoulder. She pushed the drapes apart and looked out across the snowy fields.

"Is this Mrs. Jebinezer Tenny?" came a scratchy voice.

"Yes, it is."

"We have received a telegram for you along with several others, all requesting special delivery to the receiver's home. We just want to make sure that you were remaining at home during the Christmas holidays.

"Yes, I will be. By the way, where are these telegrams from?"

"Vietnam. We'll have it to you sometime tomorrow."

Yes. Well, thank you very much."

Raina slowly replaced the receiver and walked nervously back into the small living room. Marie was on the floor reading a Christmas story to Jayna.

Eight months ago Marie had received such a telegram. It was taken to her home. Her younger brother had been killed in action... in Vietnam. Oh God, that had been a rough time for Marie. Her brother had been her only living relative.

Marie glanced up from her book. "You look as though you just saw Santa Claus climbing down the chimney."

"A telegram for me in Denver — from Vietnam."

"Oh God, I'm sorry, Raina."

Jayna's face lit up. "Is Daddy coming home? Can he see our pretty Christmas tree?"

"Oh no dear. I don't think so."

Marie handed Jayna the book and walked over to the sofa.

"Oh dear God, Marie, I'm scared!"

Marie forced a cheerful smile. "Hey now. You know what it probably is. Jeb's probably sending you a Merry Christmas wish. Why, tomorrow being Christmas Eve it would be the perfect time."

"Yes, I imagine so. How sweet of him."

"No kidding. I bet you right now he's lying in bed thinking of home — you and Jayna and the snow. And here you are thinking of unhappy and depressing thoughts. Now why don't we all go make some hot chocolate and then I've got to hurry on home."

The three made some chocolate and soon afterwards Marie left. Raina and Jayna sat before the fire talking about Santa Claus, reindeer... and Daddy. Soon Jayna fell asleep with a quilt wrapped loosely around her small body. Her fat cheeks were pink from the warmth of

the fire. Fascinating shadows danced across her face and along the walls as the flames cracked and swayed. Everything was so peaceful. Too peaceful... almost sad. Raina gathered her coat and mittens and quietly left the small house.

She walked down the happy streets of Oспен. All around the town rose magnificent white mountains. Within the town Christmas lights twinkled. They played upon the snow, transforming it into red, gold, blue and green glitter. Couples strolled down the softly lit roads. The soft tone of their voices reached far in the dark quietness. A small group of children walked along Aspen Boulevard singing Christmas carols. A lone dog trotted ahead of her and turned down a dimly lit street. Christmas — a time for happiness, love and understanding.

Only four years ago, after her high school graduation, she and Jeb had married. They had moved from Denver to the beautiful and quaint mountain town of Aspen where he found a job as a music instructor and she set up a small candle shop in the front of their old brick home. Together they built up a golden castle of love and happiness and soon brought Jayna into their world. This castle rose until one day exactly 9 months ago, a letter came and ripped from their castle a fine wall. And very soon afterwards, Jeb departed for Vietnam.

Christmas had always been their favorite time. It was a time for skiing and ice-skating, a shopping trip into Denver, midnight walks down the festive and colorful avenues, cutting and decorating a tree, and signing Santa Claus together on Jayna's gifts.

But this Christmas she was alone, Jeb was alone. Their

thoughts were together, their feelings together, their desires together, but their experience and touch were separated by a sea of hundreds of miles. She turned westward and whispered quietly to the stars. "Oh dear God, let Jeb be safe."

The iciness of the snow reached through her fur-lined boots and grabbed at her toes. A cool breeze brushed her face and its icy fingers stretched into her coat. Pleasant thoughts soothed

widowed with a young child? God wouldn't be so merciless, would he? Jayna was sleeping soundly. Tuesday she would have to make more candles. She had sold dozens during Christmas and was running low. Jayna was so beautiful, like Jeb. Oh God, how she wanted Jeb.

Dawn came early next morning and Jayna awoke at an earlier hour and was ready to go "window shopping" and "throwman building." all at once. Rai

Short Story

TELEGRAM



her mind. She turned around and walked briskly home.

In bed that night her thoughts returned to her wild, beautiful, and vivid.

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"Oh no! My kids are grown and married and far away. We always had a happy Christmas and I want that for you and Jayna. Don't you worry about me. I know where the coffee is and the brandy's hidden, and that's enough to make anybody warm and happy. Now before I get more angry you two skidaddle."

In order to make Jayna and Marie happy, Raina gathered her

her arms. Once home she ran up the old steps and pulled at the doorknob to find it was locked. She pulled tremendously again and called for Maire.

"Oh no. Oh please no. Something's wrong!" she cried yet made no sound. She grabbed inside her purse and jammed the keys in the keyhole and ran inside with a confused and frightened Jayna running behind her.

"Where's Maire? Where's Marie?" Jayna cried anxiously as

FROM VIETNAM

Christy Moore



purse and coat and she and Jayna left. They walked up and down the streets shopping in most every store to look at the toys and paintings, to listen to the busy gay voices of the people, or to buy a freshly cooked doughnut from Pierre's. And all this time Raina wondered and worried about the telegram from Vietnam. She was pleased to hear Jayna begin to complain and without wasting any time she hurried home with Jayna in

she saw her mother fall upon her knees while clutching a piece of paper. Jayna ran to her side put her arms around her neck. Raina looked up and held her baby tight, the note slipping from her hand onto their golden castle floor.

Darling,

I'm coming home for X'mas.

Love forever...
Jeb.

Trois Poèmes

par

Thang Phuoc Dung

Loin de toi, ce Noël.

Mon regard perdu erre sur ces objets vides
Qui supplient et s'offrent humblement, en silence,
Mais il n'y a personne et tout semble stupide
Ce spectacle et ces meubles accroissent ma souffrance.
Il n'y a que le bruit sec des ériches qui se brisent,
Et la joyeuse gambade des éraises rouges,
mais dans cette pièce, mon âme reste indecise,
Le silence attend, mon cœur se crispe et ne bouge...
Qu'importe alors, dans le verre, la liqueur d'ambre
Qu'importe le murmure indifférent du vent,
Le givre à la fenêtre, les arbres sans fleur,
et mon cœur, la branche tristesse de Décembre.
O bien aimé. ...Tu me souris dans le "lointain".
Et les mains tendues, vers ta lointaine présence,
JE TE REJOINS À TRAVERS MES PENSÉES PRESSANTES,
La bas, tout la bas-dans ce monde du "lointain".

Sans toi.

Les étoiles qui baisent le ciel et qui pleurent,
La goutte d'eau qui tombe à la lueur de la lune,
Tout le monde qui frémit avant que se meure
La crise qui sème le sable de la dune.
J'entends le fracas des vagues sur les rochers,
Lorsque mon âme tranquille, je ferme les yeux,
Et dans la nuit, mes cheveux dansant aux cieux,
Apportent l'automne dans une valse aisée.
Je ne dis pas un mot, âme bremlante!
Quand mon regard poursuit mon âme sur la lune,
Celle une biche aux abois, sur la dune,
Blessée par une flèche, dans son cœur recevant.
Marchant sur le sable se mon pas "funeste".
Je sens mon cœur crier "Aidez-moi o Dieu".
Mon visage mouillé de la pluie d'Adieu,
Et mes terres murmurant, "Bonjour tristesse".

O Toi mon Amour.

Aimer, c'est donner sans borne,

Mais ne recevoir que bien peu...

Muse de mes rêves, anges aux beaux yeux si doux...
Longtemps, je t'ai aimée, longtemps et en silence...
Pres de Roi, mille fois je le sers, je deviens fou
Dans ton sourire, dans tes regards, jeune innocence...
J'aime tes grands yeux noirs, et ta voix si troublante,
Les flots de ta longue chevelure d'éve...
J'aime cette démarche féminine, charmante,
Dont l'image toujours revenait dans mes rêves...
Égaré de ma ire, comprends-tu mon amour?
Comprends-tu mes soupirs, et mon âme attendrie?
Sens-tu donc ma passion, qui de jour en jour
Me tourmente de joie, et de douleur réunies?
Seul être aimé, écoutes-tu mes confidences
Dont j'aurai voulu te murmurer jour et nuit?
Mais je ne puis, hélas, car pres de Toi mon cher ange,
La douceur me possède, et l'univers fuit.
Or il me revient constamment à l'esprit
De si beaux souvenirs ne me quittant jamais...
Ces instants passés ensemble... qui n'ont nul prix...
Et ces regards aimables... si touchants et vrais...

The phone rang. Once... twice... Raina strolled over, picked it up and rested it on her shoulder. She pushed the drapes apart and looked out across the snowy fields.

"Is this Mrs. Jebinezer Tenny?" came a scratchy voice.

"Yes, it is."

"We have received a telegram for you along with several others, all requesting special delivery to the receiver's home. We just want to make sure that you were remaining at home during the Christmas holidays.

"Yes, I will be. By the way, where are these telegrams from?"

"Vietnam. We'll have it to you sometime tomorrow."

Yes. Well, thank you very much."

Raina slowly replaced the receiver and walked nervously back into the small living room. Marie was on the floor reading a Christmas story to Jayna.

Eight months ago Marie had received such a telegram. It was taken to her home. Her younger brother had been killed in action... in Vietnam. Oh God, that had been a rough time for Marie. Her brother had been her only living relative.

Marie glanced up from her book. "You look as though you just saw Santa Claus climbing down the chimney."

"A telegram for me in Denver — from Vietnam."

"Oh God, I'm sorry, Raina."

Jayna's face lit up. "Is Daddy coming home? Can he see our pretty Christmas tree?"

"Oh no dear. I don't think so."

Marie handed Jayna the book and walked over to the sofa.

"Oh dear God, Marie, I'm scared!"

Marie forced a cheerful smile. "Hey now. You know what it probably is. Jeb's probably sending you a Merry Christmas wish. Why, tomorrow being Christmas Eve it would be the perfect time."

"Yes, I imagine so. How sweet of him."

"No kidding. I bet you right now he's lying in bed thinking of home — you and Jayna and the snow. And here you are thinking of unhappy and depressing thoughts. Now why don't we all go make some hot chocolate and then I've got to hurry on home."

The three made some chocolate and soon afterwards Marie left. Raina and Jayna sat before the fire talking about Santa Claus, reindeer... and Daddy. Soon Jayna fell asleep with a quilt wrapped loosely around her small body. Her fat cheeks were pink from the warmth of

thoughts were together, their feelings together, their desires together, but their experience and touch were separated by a sea of hundreds of miles. She turned westward and whispered quietly to the stars. "Oh dear God, let Jeb be safe."

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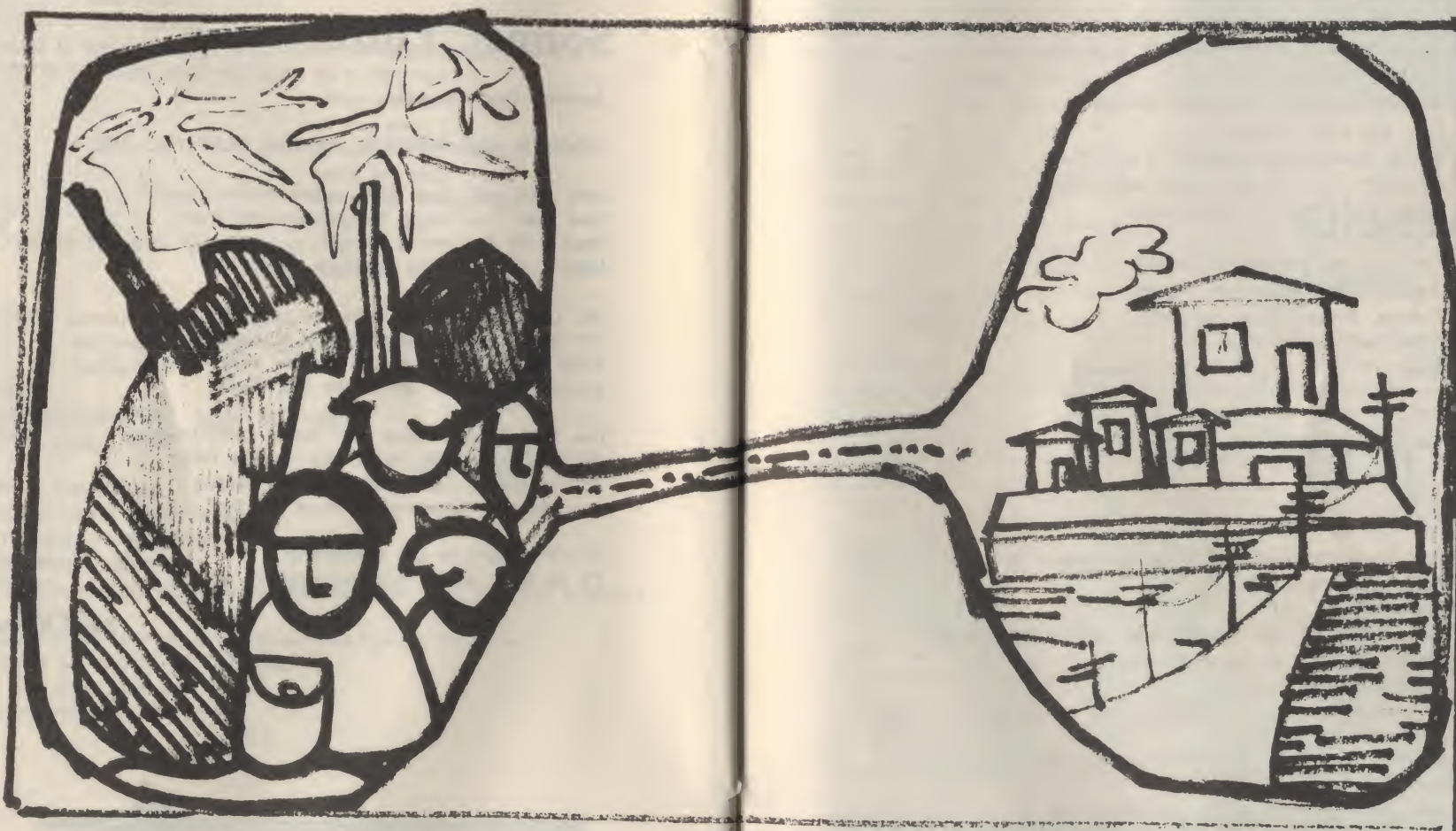
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Trois Poèmes par Thang Phuoc Dung

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Qui supplient et s'offrent humblement, en silence.
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Il n'y a que le bruit sec des ériches qui se brisent,
Et la joyeuse gambade des éraises rouges,
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La goutte d'eau qui tombe à la lueur de la lune,
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Lorsque l'âme tranquille, je jette les yeux,
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Les flots de ta longue chevelure d'éve...
J'aime cette démarche féminine, charmante,
Dont l'image toujours revenait dans mes rêves...
Égérie de ma vie, comprends-tu mon amour?
Comprends-tu mes soupirs, et mon âme attendrie?
Sens-tu donc ma passion, qui de jour en jour
Me tourmente de joie, et de douleur réunies?
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Et ces regards aimables... si touchants et vrais...

2 Poems by Edith

What is an angel?

The crickets humming airs: are they from angel's hymnals?
Surely the dama de noche is their at tar
Perhaps the private smile of the grass is
Angelic, and the cat flexed in a summer shadow.
Clouds are blasted through the slightest space
They are angels:

In love with optical illusions
Clouds envy the colors of atoms.
They laugh at the earth,
They comb their hair with the pointed fingers of mountains
Their laughter roars at brown spiders, at newborn kittens
Their sides melt at the sight of the sea.
They hate the earth.

But they hate the sun more.
His face crazes hte nerve proud clouds
His sorrow shreds hteir proud heads
His eyes prick their blossom skins
The sun lives in the pale phosphorescence of bones, Cereberus
Barks through the night at the insolence of angels
The moon shines, yes, white and astronomical;
But it is the sun's slave.

Yet the sun has no wit or native cunning
And if there were no moon
There is no sun
And the earth shall inherit
All Angels.

Rejoice Earth
O love the earth love her well
Bite her rend and tear
Her screams will sear your flesh
Her massive spasms crush the swallow's egg
Strangle the brown spiders in her frantic claw
Cover me with red and blue stones!
Eyeballs rain hrough my hands pierced like jewels
Ears fill wih the explosions sun on leaves and windows
Nostrils sound with dung and rain
Cut me with swords of roses!
Swallow he sky
Laugh with the throat of the moon
Leap with the blood of the sea
You rainbow cells and cirapods scratching the slime, encyst!
Burrow to her hot heart
Blast channels of skin and stone
Spout streams and red seas of lava
Of tears hat turn to steam and sand.
Cry for the earth, you crabs and ganlions
Give her puddles ponds
Give her rivers in tangled courses
Give her warm oceans and tips of clouds
Make mountains amen
O enter the earth and make her grow
Give her your children!
Gather your stones together in her image
Ornament her with your dams and bridges
Cover her flesh with your blood:
I am the Earth!
Placydon and pterodactyl Rejoice
Sauropod and sabertooth Rejoice
Zoripus, Zinjanthropus Rejoice
O you wild beast of all
Man Rejoice

YOUTH

With the pure hard honesty of youth
earnestly he yearned to capture Truth,
and so conceived the Beauty.
In the vast confusion of his troubled mind
he groped with clawing hands in the Stygian caverns
of his living hell,
and clutched wildly at his tortured dreams
so seeking in his deepest,
his most hideous despair,
the softly crumbling fragments that composed
the fast decaying craps
of his reality.

Self-deception crep with silent stealth
and he, once sensing there its filthy presence,
screamed in anguish,
thrashing aimlessly in horrible disgust
and gasping in that choking atmosphere of crass deceit
for some fresh wind to cleanse his slowly rotting spirit,
to banish all the shallow lies,
the stinking, lowly, base disguise.

Truth did not a gentle mistress prove to be
and devious, herself deceitful,
she lured him into lengthy chase
and he, pursuing her with frantic strength
gave fullest vent to his dark passion.

Into ghastly caverns of tortuous despair he tore unheeding.
Self-destroying,
Self-creating,
he ravaged all his dreams with devastating curiosity
while a cruelly biting compulsion
drove him ever onward.
Ferociously he rubbed into the raw wounds of his soul
the acrid salt of Life,
and from the pain derived no bitterness —
only a savage pleasure
that destroyed his peace and drove him on
to further failure and more vast despair.

Into chalk white dreamlessness
his grotesquely vital body frantic ran,
and in the falling dusk
his broken shadow
cast patterns of eloquent loneliness
that quivered and shone with a frail flickering
on the pale wind of his vagrant life.

December 29, 1969
Mary McClung

A.S. Wrestlers Place 2nd In Wrestling Tourney

Last Nov. 15, the American School Indians tromped down to Clark Field to regain the Wrestling Tournament Trophy lost to the Wagner High Falcons two years ago. Leading the 12-man scalping party were Coach Mat Slate and co-captains Hugh Webb and George Slonsky. It was a long and trying day for the wrestlers as they sweated on the mat all day (from 10:00 a.m. till 3:00 p.m.), but managed only to come home with the second place title. Coming in first in this Tournament was Wagner High making it their third straight year to have the Trophy at Clark. Fait Academy followed the Indians with a noble third, Geirge Dewey High with Fourth Place and John Paul Jones, had entered this year's Wrestling season with only 5 wrestlers, a lastly fifth. All wrestlers and spectators showed a mature display of sportsmanship even as the day grew hotter and rooted for their team to the end of the tournament.

Our team was out there fighting all the way, and even though they came home second placers, we know they did their best.

This was our "A" team who saw action in the 1969-1970 PSSAA Wrestling Tourney:

98 — Steve Schyler	First
106 — Danilo Gervacio	First
115 — Bob Swyrin	Second
123 — Steve Beck	Third
130 — Hugh Webb	Second
136 — George Drysdale	Fourth
141 — Gary Fowler	Second
148 — George Slonsky	Second
157 — Arthur Purcell	Fifth
168 — Bruce Knolton	Third
183 — Paul Evangelista	Third
unlimited-Bob Jones	Third



You'll get it, buster!

Athletes Receive Letters, Certificates

Last December 12, 1969, the first semester American School athletes gathered at the Hotel Intercontinental Skyline Restaurant to receive their well-earned trophies, Letters and Certificates. Five Varsity teams filled the room: they were-Boys Varsity Volleyball, Girls Varsity Volleyball Varsity Cross Country, Varsity soccer. Dinner was served and then Coach Tablante handed out the Athletes' awards.

Receiving **Major** Letters for the First Semester are:

Volleyball — Boys
John Forbes — Captain
Frank Raab — Co- Captain

Steve Crilly
Phil Jonckheer
Kile Powers
John Terry
Mike Larson
Ben Waddle

Volleyball — Girls

Laura Tomassi — Captain
Gail Hultberg — Co-Captain
Julie Cone
Pat Larson
Kim Powers
Pat Small

Cross Country

Wes Burwell — Captain
Dinesh Gupta — Co-Captain
Steve Fellermer
Chris Moffett

Wrestling

Hugh Webb — Captain
George Slonsky — Co-Captain
Steve Beck
George Drysdale
Paul Evangelista
Gary Fowler
Danilo Gervacio
Bob Jones
Bruce Knowlton
Arthur Purcell
Dave Schaefer
Stephen Schuyler
Taylor Slate — manager
Bob Swyrin

MINOR LETTERS FIRST SEMESTER

Volleyball-Boys

Brian Butler Steve Laing
John Casey Pier Meager
Robert Forbes Gary Powell
Arthur Slonsky Alan Stewart
Marshall Pickard

Volleyball—Girls

Rebecca Alvarez
Sandra Bello
Sandra Brooks
Susan Brasswell
Nancy Diaz
Marianne Classen
Amy O'Neil
Karen Watchel
Julie Wilson
Sharon Meager-Manager

Cross Country

George Drysdale
Mike Murphy
Robert Pratico
Bret Sams-Manager
Charles Terry
Pat Triggs
Mathias Velasco

Wrestling

Wes Burwell
Jeff Cole
Charles Ferris
Lucca Fazzi
Bob Husel
Gary Missibeck
Dan O'Bannon
Stuart Parkinson
Chris Sega
Arthur Slonsky
Charles Terry

Certificate Holders for the First Semester:

Volleyball-Boys

Gerry Blaine
Sol Picciotto
Mark Cody-Manager

Wrestling

Eric Abad
Nick Adamson
Lawrence King
Mike Kornfield
Luis Larcina
Kenneth Leininger
Mario Magno
Frank Musselwhite
John Wittaker
Ramon Quiumbing
Mathias Velasco

These boys and girls should all be congratulated for their fine performance during the First semester and for bringing the name of the American School to better standards in Athletics.

Note* — due to the early deadline of this issue, the Varsity Soccer team's Letter holders were not accounted for, for their season was extended beyond the end of the semester ended.



1, 2, 2½ ...

A.S. Booters Throttle Opponents, Cop Soccer Crown

This year's Soccer season started off with the American School playing George Dewey High School (Subic) on Nov. 22 at Subic Bay.

The day was bright and sunny, and by 10 a.m. both teams were ready to meet head-on in this big game. The game was off to a good start at 10:05 right after the referee explained a few common rules. Subic kicked off first, but the A.S. quickly gained control of the ball and scored its first goal within the first minute. Pat Webb, playing Inside-right, scored this first goal. The game proceeded with the Indians scoring every five minutes and and thus by the end of the first half the Indians were leading 6 to 0.

The second half started much duller than the previous half as the A.S. scored only 1 goal within 20 minutes. Coach Parennas added some life to the game as he replaced the second string with stringers. With this replacement, the Indians scored four more goals in the time left. Subic obtained one goal when Mike Kornfield of the A.S. accidentally kicked the ball into the A.S.'s goal. The game ended giving the A.S. an overwhelming victory over the C.D. Admirals of 11 to 1.

Pat Webb scored a fantastic 6 points, and became the hero of the day. Steve Laing, Marshall Pickard, Chris Moffett, Kile Powers and John Forbes each split up the other five points with one goal apiece.

The American School Soccer team obtained its second victory by defeating the Wagner High School Falcons from Clark Field, 8 to 2. The game, A.S.'s second, was held in the A.S. on Wed., Dec. 3, at 1:15 in the afternoon. A large crowd of A.S.'ers witnessed this one-sided game and cheered the Indians to their victory.

The game started with the Falcons kicking off. The ball was just passed around by the Falcons a number of times before the Indians quickly gained control of the ball and started scoring their goals. Dinesh Gupta, playing right-in and replacing Pat Webb who injured his ankle the day before, scored the first goal within the first ten minutes. The half went quickly as the Indian scored 5 more goals to dismay the Falcons with a 6-0 lead.

The famous A.S. second-string started the second and let the Falcon forward line score two goals. Infuriated by the second goal, Goalie Lee Grace took over the goal box from Tom Negal and soon the first-stringers took charge of the field again. The sure-footed Indians scored two more goals and by the end of the match, the score was 8 to 2 in favor of the Indians.

The enthusiastic crowd were quite impressed with the four goals made by Dinesh "Pele" Gupta as well as the four points scored by Steve Laing and Chris Moffett each with two.



not exactly a soccer picture, but...

A.S. SQUAW SPIKERS SETTLE FOR SECOND

After the long awaited uniforms arrived, the girls volleyball team was finally able to represent the American School in the round-robin tournament up at Clark. Unable to seize a first place trophy, our squaws bid not return home empty handed. Instead they placed a very satisfactory second. The competition was stiff as the A.S. battled against Clark Field, Subic, and Sangley. The girls from Faith were the lucky ones who went home with the first place trophy.

Other than sheer skill and determination, the girls owe part of their victory to the fact that they always worked as a team. Although not all the girls were able to play during the tournament, their skills were not lost. The so called "bench warmers"

gave support throughout the game and cheered their teammates to victory.

RADAR II EXPLAINED

(The "RADAR" on p.9 was originally to be printed in the Nov. 17 issue of the B.T. However, Dr. Blaine, in a last hour judgement, decided that the column was too offensive and ordered it to be excluded just as the paper was going to press. After Dr. Blaine and I had a 75 minutes discussion, he agreed to allow the column to be printed **unchanged** if I still wished its inclusion. Because of its "interpretive expose" nature, I felt it would be enlightening if not exactly fresh. Besides, it was the principle of the thing. — D.A.R.)

SAT, ACH Review Classes Conducted

The Scholastic Aptitude Tests and Achievement Tests were administered on Saturday, December 6, in the Spruance Gym. A large number, roughly 130 including students from Faith Academy and local schools as well as the American School, took the grueling college admissions tests. A reason for the large turnout is the fact that the deadline for taking the tests is fast approaching. Most colleges require that applicants take the test on or before the January testing date.

The SAT scores are important and valued tools used by college admissions staffs. The individual score serves as an indication of how the student ranks in comparison with his fellow students across the nation. In such a comparison, the A.S. student fares well. The mean score for the SAT Verbal of the boys at the A.S. who took the test in 1968-69, was 536, as compared a U.S. average of 380. The Verbal score for girls in the same year was a 528, as compared with a national average of 380. Even in comparison with U.S. students who later entered college, the A.S.

student far outdistances his competition. The 536 Verbal average score of A.S. boys compares with a U.S. average of 440 for boys who later entered college, while the A.S. girl's average of 528 exceeds the national average of 470 for college-bound American girls.

Because of the importance of the SAT's, Mr. Kelly, head of the Mathematics Department, inaugurated a series of Math Review classes this year, with the express purpose of preparing students for the Math half of the SAT. The classes were well-attended, and much appreciated by its students. These sessions served not for last-minute cramming, but for the reawakening of once-known concepts and ideas. Indeed, the College Board emphatically states, "But simply cramming in the facts is not likely to result in your getting a better score..." The Review sessions also served both to acquaint the student with the kinds of questions to be expected on the SAT and with the process of taking multiple-choice tests. This was achieved by distribution of practice tests — **Pier Meager**

A.S. Dolphins Bag Championship



GAA Hosts Luncheon

The Girls Athletic Association will be holding their annual luncheon on January eight. This year the luncheon will be held at the home of active member Ann Harowitz. A fee of ₱2.00 must be paid by all who wish to attend.

The purpose of this luncheon is to announce the new officers and present badges to the new active members. However this does not mean that only G.A.A. members are allowed to attend, the luncheon is open to all American School Girls. A signed-up sheet has been posted on the bulletin board for all who are interested.

The members of the Election Committee have been talking up points to determine who will receive the honored badges. The incoming officers this semester are as follows:

President — Ann Russell
Vice President — Diane Rose
Secretary — Melinda Cope
Recording Secretary — Laura Tomassi

Lunch will be served at about 1:00 and awards will be presented after lunch. After this is taken care of, the rest of the afternoon will be spent swimming and having fun.

Gee!

No Tackle Football

Contrary to widespread rumors, there will be no tackle football on the athletic program next year. This was publicly confirmed by Dr. Blaine at the assembly held on December 2. The reason for this is that the other PSSAA schools voted against the proposal. Because of this lack of competition, both in the league and among the local Manila schools, the tentative plans for a team were scrapped.

At the same assembly, Dr. Blaine also publicly announced

that the American School will sponsor a baseball team this year instead of boys' varsity softball team. However, the PSSAA will continue with its softball league, with the only change being the switch to a fast-pitching game. The American School will pit its baseball team against the numerous teams of local schools, and will also enter it in the PSSAA softball league, whereupon it will be forced to adroitly adapt to the smaller diamond and larger ball. — **Pier Meager**

A.S. Dolphins swam away with medals at 42nd and 43rd Age Group Swimming Championships.

This year's Boys and Girls Varsity Swimming Teams participated in the Philippine nationally-held Age Group Swimming championships at the Rizal Pool. The Dolphins joined in both the 42nd and the 43rd tournaments held in October and November, respectively. The team, which has been in the background in student support, rated one of the best teams in the meets, and ran away with many medals. Coach Rene Amabuyok, coach of the A. S. Dolphins, is to be commended on his fine training of the team and is solely responsible for the recent slashing victories.

In the 42nd Age Group Swimming Championships, the Klem-bith brothers dominated the Rizal Memorial Pool. Six new records were established in this meet and out of these six, the Klem-bith brothers, George and Ray, established 3 new meet records.

George (grade Eight) was voted the most outstanding boy swimmer of the meet. He broke two records in the Free-style event, the 100 meters and the 200 meters, taking credit and

honors at the end of the meet. Ray, (also grade Eight), broke the 200 meter Butterfly record. In the 1st Long Distance swim meet, Ray finished first in the 800 meter Free-style for 13 to 14 year old boys with a new meet record of 10.47 while George finished second with the good time of 10:53.

Other Dolphins made good in this meet placing two first placers, Two second placers and three third placers on the records. Lisa Mrlik and Robert Marshall both placed first in the 200 Meter Free-style in their respective Age Group. John Marshall placed second in his group for the same event. Placing third in the same 200 meter events were John Marshall and Richard Mrlik. Finally in the 800 meter Free-style events, Lorlei Stewardt placed second and Elizabeth Fisher placed third in their age group.

On November 29-30, A.S. Dolphins clinched 26 medals in the 43rd Age Group Swimming Championships held at the Rizal Memorial Pool. Rounding up 10 gold, 8 Silver and 8 Bronze medals, the Dolphins came home successfully in their recent Swimming meet.

The Medal Tally

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Lisa Mrlik —
— 1st 50 meter Freestyle —
New Meet Record
— 1st 100 meter Freestyle —
New Meet Record
— 1st 50 meter Butterfly —
New Meet Record
— 2nd 200 M. Individual Medley
— 3rd 50 M Breaststroke
— 3rd 50 M Backstroke | — 3rd 50 M Breaststroke
5. Richard Mrlik —
— 2nd 100 M Freestyle
6. Robert Mrlik —
— 3rd 50 M Breaststroke
7. Cyndy Scholey —
— 1st 50 M Freestyle
— 3rd 50 M Backstroke
8. Elizabeth Fisher —
— 2nd 50 M Freestyle
— 2nd 100 M Breaststroke
— 2nd 400 M Freestyle
— 1st 100 M Butterfly |
| Lisa was chosen the most outstanding swimmer of this meet. | 9. Ray Klem-bith —
— 3rd 50 M Freestyle
— 2nd 100 M Backstroke
— 3rd 400 M Individual Medley |
| 2. Karen Brandt —
— 2nd 50 M Freestyle — New meet record
— 3rd 400 M Freestyle | 10. George Klem-bith —
— 1st 400 M Freestyle |
| 3. Robert Joseph —
— 1st 50 M Breaststroke —
New Meet record
— 1st 50 M Freestyle | 11. Phil Jonckheer —
— 2nd 50 M Freestyle
— 1st 100 M Breaststroke |
| 4. Gina Paterno —
— 1st 50 M Freestyle | |

New A.S. Cage Coach

Coach Tablante, who has led our basketball teams to countless victories over the years, will no longer be coaching the Indians this season. Due to many pressures from his varied and time-consuming duties as Athletic Director, Co-ordinator of Activities, rowing coach and Athletic Committee Advisor, Coach Tablante feels that he does not have sufficient time to devote to the team. Thus, he is relinquishing his job as varsity basketball coach to a newcomer, Mr. Lemmon.

A newcomer to the school, but not to the game of basketball, Mr. Lemmon comes to the A.S. with almost thirty years of coaching experience behind him. His connections with the game, however, go back even further — to the 1920's when he was learning the skills on the YMCA hardcourts of Tacoma, Washington. In 1931, he was starting guard for Stadium High School of Tacoma. He led his team to a rousing first place finish in the state championships. His success in basketball continued as he moved south to college in Georgia. After receiving a basketball scholarship from Atlanta University, he starred there for four years as a first string guard.

STATE CHAMPION

Upon graduation, from college, Mr. Lemmon entered the ranks of teachers. In 1937, he took a teaching post at a small school in Bellfountain, Oregon, and also coached the basketball team on the side. Working with limited material — a total high school enrollment of 17 boys — he coached his small but highly talented team to a first place finish in the state championships. This was probably the smallest school in the history of Oregon, if not in the United States, ever to win a state championship. From 1937 to 1969, Mr. Lemmon taught and coached in the Tacoma school system, including several years at his alma mater, Stadium High. This span of thirty odd years was broken by brief teaching stints in Wales, where basketball ranks as high in popularity as cricket does in the Philippines; in Spain, where Mr. Lemmon coached varsity teams for three years; and also in Puerto Rico.

EXPERIENCED

In thirty years of basketball, Mr. Lemmon has coached all kinds of teams and players, ranging from fast and shifty guards, to a 6'10" behemoth. The type of offense and defense that he chooses depends

largely on the talents and potential of his players, and, to a lesser degree, on the personnel and playing style of the opposing teams. However, one type of defense that has dominated his coaching is the man-to-man. This man-to-man ranges from an all-out, full-court press to a half-court press with zone characteristics and responsibilities.

Mr. Lemmon favors a man-to-man defense because he feels that the individual responsibilities involved demand that each player play up to his maximum potential, which in turn results in a better all-around team performance. Versatility and surprise characterize his defensive coaching. He trains his teams to shift smoothly and disconcertingly from the basic press defense to different zone defenses in order to upset the rhythm and momentum of their opponents. Against big teams that can dominate the boards with their height advantage, he often pulls his defense back to a conventional 2-1-2 zone, to give the defensive strength of the rebounding triangle. Against teams that are slow in retreating upcourt on defense, he sometimes utilizes a 1-2-2 zone, to give maximum fast break potential. The fast break plays an important role in his offensive coaching. On offense, Mr. Lemmon stresses free-lance based on fundamental principles such as screening and overloading. Because he prefers this freedom in his offense, Mr. Lemmon emphasizes good ball control and accurate passing.

Although all these characteristics will probably dominate the action on the hardcourt this season, Mr. Lemmon stresses that the type of game he coaches has always depended largely upon the capabilities and individual talents and characteristics of the team members. However, this article does serve to give indication of the type of game that the Indians will play this year.

— Pier Meagor

A. S. Sports Sked**JANUARY**

- 5 Judo classes start
Varsity and B-Team Basketball practices resume
Sr. H.S. Girls Basketball Intramural practice
Elementary Boys Track and Field clinic
- 7 Jr. H.S. Boys Track and Field clinic
Jr. H.S. Cheerleading classes
- 10 PSSAA Basketball Games (Tentative)
- 12 PSSAA Golf Tournament
- 14 Varsity & B-Team Basketball Games
- 17 PSSAA Basketball Games
- 19 PSSAA Golf Tournament
- 21 Varsity & B-Team Basketball Games
- 24 PSSAA Basketball Games
- 26 PSSAA Golf Tournament
A.S. Boys & Girls Tennis Tournament
Track & Field Conditioning starts.
- 24-25 Age Group Swimming Championships
- 28 Varsity & B-Team Basketball Games
- 31 PSSAA Basketball Games

FEBRUARY

- 2 PSSAA Golf Tournament
Jr. H.S. Boys Basketball clinic
Sr. H.S. Girls Softball
Elementary Boys Softball
Boys and Girls Gymnastic classes begin
Elementary Girls Folkdancing
- 4 Varsity & B-Team Basketball Games
- 7 PSSAA Basketball Games
- 11 Varsity & B-Team Basketball Games
Jr. H.S. Basketball Intercol
- 14 PSSAA Basketball Games
- 18 PSSAA Basketball Games
- 21 PSSAA Basketball Games
- 23 Jr. H.S. Basketball Try-outs
All PSSAA Basketball Games and Tennis for Boys & August 6, where all schedules will be finalized.
Girls are tentatively scheduled until the first meeting on

MARCH

- 2 Sr. H.S. Boys Softball Try-outs
- 7 PSSAA Track & Field — Softball
Jr. H.S. Folkdance classes
Sr. H.S. Boys & Girls Table Tennis Tournament Practice
Sr. H.S. Boys & Girls Table Tennis Tournament
- 9 PSSAA Track & Field Softball
- 14 PSSAA Track & Field — Softball
- 21 PSSAA Track & Field — Softball
- 28 PSSAA Track & Field — Softball
- 28-29 Age -Group Swimming Championships

APRIL

Extension of PSSAA Sports from March
PSSAA Track & Field & Softball schedule are all tentative until the First PSSAA Meeting on August 6, where all schedules will be finalized.
GAA playdays will also be scheduled at this meeting.



A time of hope for dreams of tears

A reservoir of rainshine cheers

A dazzling dusk where now appears

A shimmer of expected years.

Not to build a monument
In honor of prospective deeds

Nor futile efforts to succeed.

Instead:

To raise for man a common tent

To twine a wick for all to light

Not to escape, but to prevent,

The advent of a charcoal night.

Disregard identity
Strive for anonymity
Nameless in our unity.



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Shukong Au

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